EMBLEMES
By Fra: Quarles

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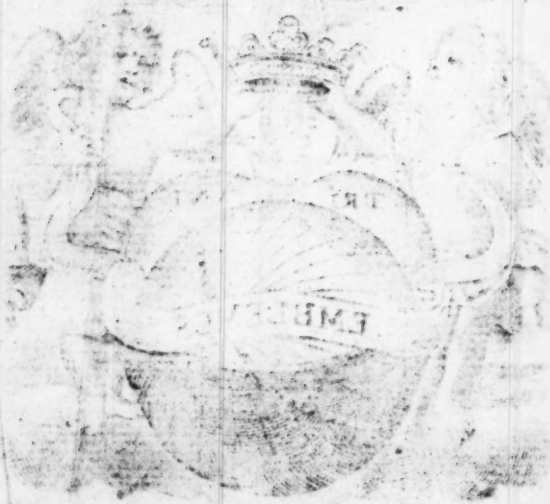
Hæc laus, hic apex Sapientiæ
est ea viventem appetere,
quæ morienti forent appe-
tenda.



TO

My much Honoured, and no leſs truely beloved Friend, *EDW. BENLOWES*, ESQUIRE.

My dear Friend,

YOu *have put the* Theorboe *into my hand, and I have played: You gave the Muſician the firſt encouragement; the Muſick returneth to you for Patronage. Had it been a light Aire, no doubt but it had taken the moſt, and among them the worſt; but being a Grave Strain, my hopes are, that it will pleaſe the beſt, and among them you. Toyiſh Aires pleaſe trivial Ears; they kiſs the Fancy, and betray it. They cry,* Hail, *firſt; and after,*

Crucifie: *Let* Dotts *delight to immerd themſelves in dung, whileſt* Eagles *ſcorn ſo poor a Game as* Flies. *Sir, you have Art and Candour; Let the one judge, let the other excuſe*

Your moſt affectionate

Friend

FRA. QUARLES.

TO THE

READER.

AN *Embleme* is but a ſilent Parable. Let not the tender eye check, to ſee the alluſion to our bleſſed Saviour figured in theſe Types. In Holy Scripture he is ſometimes called a Sower; ſometimes, a Fiſher; ſometimes, a Phyſician: And why not preſented ſo as well to the eye as to the ear? Before the knowledge of Letters God was known by *Hieroglyphicks*. And indeed what are the Heavens, the Earth, nay, every Creature, but *Hieroglyphicks* and *Emblemes* of his Glory? I have no more to ſay, I wiſh thee as much pleaſure in the Reading, as I had in writing. Farewel READER.

BY Fathers back'd, by Holy Writ led on,
Thou ſhew'ſt a way to Heav'n by Helicon:
The Muſes Font is conſecrate by Thee,
And Poeſie, baptiz'd Divinity:
Bleſt Soul that here embark'ſt; Thou ſail'ſt apace,
'Tis hard to ſay, mov'd more by Wit or Grace,
Each Muſe ſo plies her Oar: but O, the Sail
Is fill'd from Heaven with a Diviner Gale:
When Poets prove Divines, why ſhould not I
Approve in Verſe this divine Poetry?
Let this ſuffice to licence thee the Preſs:
I muſt no more; nor could the Truth ſay leſs.

Sic approbavit

RICH. LOVE

Procan. *Cantabrigienſis.*

Tot *Flores* QUARLES, quot *Paradiſus* habet.
Lectori bene-*male*-volo.

Qui legit ex *Horto* hoc *Flores*, *Qui* carpit, *uterque*
Jure poteſt *Violas* dicere, jure *Roſas*,
Non è *Parnaſſo* *VIOLAM*, *Pæſtive* *ROSETO*
Carpit *Apollo*, magis quæ ſit amœna, *ROSAM*.
Quot *Verſus* *VIOLAS* *legis*; & *Quem* *verba* locutum
Credis, *verba* dedit: Nam dedit *ille* *ROSAS*.
Utque *Ego* non dicam hæc *VIOLAS* ſuaviſſima; *Tute*
Ipſe facis *VIOLAS*, *Livide*, ſi *violas*.
Nam velut è *VIOLIS* ſibi ſugit *Aranea* virus:
Vertis iat in ſuccos *Hasque* *ROSASque* tuos.
Quas *violas* *Muſas*, *VIOLAS* puto, quaſque recuſas
Dente tuo *roſas*, has, reor, eſſe *ROSAS*,
Sic *roſas*, facis eſſe *ROSAS*, dum, *Zoile*, rodis:
Sic facis has *VIOLAS*, *Livide*, dum *violas*.

Brent-Hall, 1634.

EDW. BENLOWES.

Dum Cælum aspicio, Solum despicio.

THE FIRST BOOK.

The Invocation.

ROwze thee, my Soul; and drein thee from the dregs
Of vulger thoughts: Scrue up the heightned pegs
Of thy ſublime Theorboe four notes higher,
And higher yet, that ſo, the ſhril-mouth'd Quire
Of ſwift-wing'd Seraphims may come and join,
And make thy Conſort more than half divine.
Invoke no Muſe; Let Heav'n be thine *Apollo*;
And let his ſacred influences hallów
Thy high-bred ſtrains; Let his full beams inſpire
Thy raviſh'd brains with more heroick fire:
Snatch thee a Quil from the ſpread Eagles wing,
And, like the morning Lark, mount up and ſing:
Caſt off theſe dangling plummets, that ſo clog
Thy lab'ring heart, which gropes in this dark fog
Of dungeon earth; let fleſh and blood forbear
To ſtop thy flight, till this baſe world appear
A thin blew Landskip: Let thy pinions ſoar
So high a pitch, that men may ſeem no' more
Than Piſmires, crawling on this Mole-hill earth,
Thy ear untroubled with their frantick mirth;
Let not the frailty of thy fleſh diſturb
Thy new-concluded peace; Let Reaſon curb
Thy hot mouth'd Paſſion; and let heav'ns fire ſeaſon
The freſh conceits of thy corrected Reaſon.
Diſdain to warm thee at luſts ſmoky fires,
Scorn, Scorn to feed on thy old bloat deſires:
Come, come, my ſoul, hoiſe up thy higher ſails,
The wind blows fair; Shall we ſtill creep like Snails,

That

That glide their wayes with their own Native ſlimes;
No, we muſt fly like Eagles, and our Rhimes
Muſt mount to Heav'n, and reach th' Olympick Ear;
Our Heav'n-blown fire muſt ſeek no other Sphear.
Thou great *Theanthropos*, that giv'ſt and ground'ſt
Thy gifts in duſt, and from our dunghil crown'ſt
Reflecting honour, taking by retail,
What thou haſt giv'n in groſs, from lapſed frail,
And ſinfull man; that drink'ſt full draughts, wherein
Thy Childrens leprous fingers, ſcurf'd with ſin,
Have padled; Cleanſe, O cleanſe my crafty Soul
From ſecret crimes, and let my thoughts controul
My thoughts: O, teach me ſtoutly to deny
My ſelf, that I may be no longer I:
Enrich my Fancy, clarifie my thoughts,
Refine my droſs; O, wink at humane faults;
And through the ſlender Conduct of my Quil
Convey thy Current, whoſe clear ſtreams may fill
The hearts of men with love, their tongues with praiſe:
Crown me with Glory, take who liſt the Bayes.

Totus mundus in maligno (malo ligno) positus est

I.

JAM. I. 14.

Every man is tempted, when he is drawn away by his own lust and enticed.

Serpent. *Eve.*

Serp. NOt eat? Not taſte? Not touch? Not caſt an eye
Upon the fruit of this fair Tree? And why?
Why eat'ſt thou not what Heav'n ordain'd for food?
Or can'ſt thou think that bad which Heav'n call'd Good?
Why was it made if not to be enjoy'd?
Neglect of favours makes a favour void:
Bleſſings unus'd, pervert into a Waſt,
As well as Surfets; Woman, Do but taſt:
See how the laden boughs make ſilent ſuit
To be enjoy'd; Look how their bending fruit
Meet thee half-way; Obſerve but how they crouch
To kiſs thy hand; Coy woman, Do but touch:
Mark what a pure vermilion bluſh has dy'd
Their ſwelling cheeks, and how for ſhame they hide
Their palſie heads to ſee themſelves ſtand by
Neglected: Woman, Do but caſt an eye.
What bounteous Heav'n ordain'd for uſe, refuſe not;
Come, pull and eat: Y' abuſe the thing ye uſe not.

Eve. Wiſeſt of Beaſts, our great Creator did
Reſerve this Tree, and this alone forbid;
The reſt are freely ours, which doubtleſs are
As pleaſing to the taſt; to th' eye as fair:
But touching this his ſtrict commands are ſuch,
'Tis death to taſt, no leſs then death to touch.

Serp.

Serp Piſh; Death's a fable: Did not Heav'n inſpire
Your equal Elements with living Fire?
Blown from the ſpring of life? is not that breath
Immortal? Come; ye are as free from death
As he that made ye. Can the flames expire
Which he has kindled? Can ye quench his fire?
Did not the great Creatours voice proclaim
What ere he made (from the blew ſpangled frame
To the poor leaf that trembles) very good?
Bleſt he not both the feeder and the Food?
Tell, tell me then, what danger can accrue
From ſuch bleſt Food, to ſuch half-gods as you?
Curb needleſs fears, and let no fond conceit
Abuſe your freedome; Woman take and eat.

Eve. 'Tis true, we are immortal; death is yet
Unborn, and till Rebellion make it debt,
Undue; I know the fruit is good, until
Preſumptuous diſobedience make it ill.
The lips that open to this Fruit's a Portal
To let in death and make immortal mortal.

Serp. You cannot die; come, woman, Taſte, and fear not:

Eve. Shall *Eve* tranſgreſs? I dare not, O I dare not.

Serp. Afraid? Why draw'ſt thou back thy tim'rous arm?
Harm only falls on ſuch as fear a harm.
Heav'n knows and fears the virtue of this Tree:
'Twill make ye perfect Gods as well as He.
Stretch forth thy hand, and let thy fondneſſe never
Fear death: Do, pull, and eat, and live for ever.

Eve. 'Tis but an Apple; and it is as good
To do, as to deſire. Fruit's made for food:
Ile pull, and taſte, and tempt my *Adam* too
To know the ſecrets of this Dainty. *Serp.* Do.

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS. ſup. Matth.

He forced him not: He touched him not: Only ſaid, Caſt thy ſelf down; *that we may know, that whoſoever obeyeth the Devil caſteth himſelf down: for the Devil may ſuggeſt, compel he cannot.*

S. BERN. in Ser.

It is the Devils part to ſuggeſt: Ours, not to conſent. As oft as we reſiſt him, ſo often we overcome him: as often as we overcome him, ſo often we bring joy to the Angels, and glory to God; who propoſeth us, that we may contend, and aſſiſteth us, that we may conquer.

EPIG. 1.

Unlucky Parliament! wherein at laſt,
Both Houſes are agreed, and firmly paſt
An act of death confirm'd by higher Powers:
O had it had but ſuch ſucceſs as Ours!

Sic malum creuit vnicum in omne malum.

Will: Marshall sculpsit

II.

JAMES I. 15.

Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin when it is finished bringeth forth death.

1

LAment, lament; Look, look, what thou hast done!
Lament the world's, Lament thy own estate:
Look, look, by doing how thou art undone;
Lament thy fall, lament thy change of State:
Thy faith is broken, and thy freedome gone,
See, see too soon, what thou lament'st too late.
O thou that wert so many men, nay, all
Abridg'd in one, how has thy desp'rate fall
Destroy'd thy unborn seed, destroy'd thy self withal.

2

Uxorious *Adam*, whom thy Maker made
Equal to Angels that excel in pow'r,
What hast thou done? O why hast thou obey'd
Thy own destruction? Like a new-cropt flower
How does the glory of thy beauty fade!
How are thy fortunes blasted in an hour!
How art thou cow'd that hadst the pow'r to quel
The spite of new fal'n Angels, baffle Hell,
And vie with those that stood, and vanquish those that fell.

3

See how the world (whose chast and pregnant womb
Of late conceiv'd, and brought forth nothing ill)
Is now degenerated, and become
A base Adulteress, whose false births do fill
The earth with Monsters, Monsters that do rome
And rage about, and make a trade to kill:
Now Glutt'ny paunches; Lust begins to spawn;
Wrath takes revenge; and Avarice a pawn;
Pale Envy pines, Pride swells, and Sloth begins to yawn.

4

The Air that whisper'd, now begins to rore.
And blustring Boreas blows the boyling Tide;
The white mouth'd Water now usurps the shore,
And scorns the pow'r of her tridental guide;
The fire now burns, that did but warm before,
And Rules her ruler with resistless pride:
Fire, Water, Earth, and Air, that first were made
To be subdu'd, see how they now invade; (obey'd.
They rule whom once they serv'd, command where once

5

Behold; that nakedness, that late bewray'd
Thy glory, now's become thy shame, thy wonder;
Behold; those Trees whose various fruits were made
For food, now turn'd a shade to shrowd thee under,
Behold; that voice (which thou hast disobey'd)
That late was musick, now affrights like thunder:
Poor man! Are not thy joynts grown sore with sha-
To view th' effect of thy bold undertaking, (king
That in one hour did'st marr what heav'n six days was
(making?

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST. lib. 1. de lib. arbit.

It is a moſt juſt puniſhment, that man ſhould loſe that freedom, which man could not uſe, yet had power to keep, if he would; and that he who had knowledge to do, what was right, and did not, ſhould be deprived of the knowledge of what was right; & that he who would not do righteouſly, when he had the power, ſhould loſe the power to do it, when he had the Will.

HUGO de anima.

They are juſtly puniſhed that abuſe lawful things, but they are moſt juſtly puniſhed, that uſe unlawful things: Thus Lucifer fell from Heaven: thus Adam loſt his Paradiſe.

EPIG. 2.

See how theſe fruitful kernils, being caſt
Upon the earth, how thick they ſpring! how faſt!
A full ear'd crop and thriving, rank and proud;
Prepoſt'rous man firſt ſow'd, and then he plough'd,

III.

Vt potiar, patior. Patieris, non potieris.

III.

PROV. 14. 13.

Even in laughter the heart is ſorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heavineſs.

1

ALas fond Child,
How are thy thoughts beguil'd,
To hope for honey from a neſt of waſps?
Thou may'ſt as well
Go ſeek for eaſe in hell,
Or ſprightly Nectar from the mouths of aſps.

2

The world's a hive,
From whence thou canſt derive
No good, but what thy ſouls vexation brings:
Put caſe thou meet
Some petti-petti-ſweet,
Each drop is guarded with a thouſand ſtings.

3

Why doſt thou make
Theſe murm'ring troups forſake
The ſafe protection of their waxen homes?
This hive contains
No ſweet that's worth thy pains;
There's nothing here, alas, but empty combs.

4

For traſh and toyes,
And grief ingend'ring joyes,
What torment ſeems too ſharp for fleſh and bloud!
What bitter pills,
Compos'd of real ills,
Man ſwallows down to purchaſe one falſe good!

5

The dainties here,
Are leaſt what they appear;
Though ſweet in hopes, yet in fruition ſowre:
The fruit that's yellow,
Is found not always mellow:
The faireſt Tulip's not the ſweeteſt flowre.

6

Fond youth give ore,
And vex thy ſoul no more
In ſeeking what were better farr unfound;
Alas! thy gains
Are only preſent pains
To gather Scorpions for a future wound.

7

What's earth? or in it,
That longer than a minut,
Can lend a free delight that can endure?
O who would droyl,
Or delve in ſuch a ſoyl,
Where gain's uncertain and the pain is ſure!

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST.

Sweetneſs in temporal matters is deceitfull: It is a labour & a perpetual fear; it is dangerous pleaſure, whoſe beginning is without providence, and whoſe end is not without repentance.

HUGO

Luxury is an enticing pleaſure, a baſtard mirth, which hath honey in her mouth, gall in her heart, and a ſting in her tail.

EPIG. 3.

What, *Cupid*, are thy ſhafts already made?
And ſeeking honey, to ſet up thy trade
True Embleme of thy ſweets! Thy Bees do bring
Honey in their mouths, but in their tails a ſting.

IV.

Quis levior? cui plus ponderi addit amor

IV.

PSALM. 62. 9.

To be laid in the ballance, it is altogether lighter than vanity.

1

Put in another weight: 'Tis yet too light:
And yet. Fond *Cupid*, put another in;
And yet another: Still there's under weight:
Put in another hundred: Put again;
Add world to world; then heap a thousand more
To that, then to renew thy wasted store,
Take up more worlds on truſt, to draw thy ballance lower.

2

Put in the fleſh with all her loads of pleaſure;
Put in great *Mammon*'s endleſs inventory;
Put in the Ponderous acts of Mighty *Cæſar*:
Put in the greater weight of *Swedens* glory;
Add *Scipio*'s gauntlet; put in *Plato*'s gown:
Put *Circes* charmes, put in the triple crown.
Thy ballance will not draw; thy ballance will not down.

3

Lord what a world is this, which day and night,
Men ſeek with ſo much toil, with ſo much trouble?
Which weigh'd in equal ſcales is found ſo light,
So poorly over-ballanc'd with a bubble?
Good God! That frantick mortals ſhould deſtroy
Their higher hopes, and place their idle joy
Upon ſuch airy traſh, upon ſo light a toy!

Thou

4.

Thou bold Impoſtor, how haſt thou befool'd
The tribe of Man with counterfeit deſire!
How has the breath of thy falſe bellows cool'd
Heav'ns free-born flames, and kindled baſtard fire!
How haſt thou vented droſs inſtead of treaſure.
And cheated man with thy falſe weights and meaſure,
Proclaiming bad for good; and gilding death with pleaſure!

5

The world's a crafty Strumpet moſt affecting.
And cloſely following thoſe that moſt reject her;
But ſeeming careleſs, nicely diſreſpecting
And coyly flying thoſe that moſt affect her:
If thou be free, ſhe's ſtrange, if ſtrange, ſhe's free;
Flee, and ſhee follows; follow, and ſhee'l flee:
Than ſhe ther's none more coy, ther's none more fond than (ſhe

6

O what a Crocodilian world is this,
Compos'd of treacheries, and enſnaring wiles!
She clothes deſtruction in a formal kiſs,
And lodges death in her deceitful ſmiles;
She hugs the ſoul ſhe hates; and there does prove
The veryeſt tyran, where ſhe vows to love,
And is a Serpent moſt, when moſt ſhe ſeems a Dove.

7

Thrice happy he, whoſe nobler thoughts deſpiſe
To make an object of ſo eaſie gains;
Thrice happy he who ſcorns ſo poor a prize
Should be the crown of his heroick pains:
Thrice happy he, that ne're was born to trie
Her frowns or ſmiles; or being born, did lie
In his ſad nurſes armes an hour or two, and die.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib: Confeſſ.

O you that dote upon this world, for what victory do ye fight? Your hopes can be crowned with no greater reward, than the world can give; and what is the world but a britle thing full of dangers, wherein we travel from leſſer to greater perils? O let all her vain, light, and momentany glory periſh with her ſelf, and let us be converſant with more eternal things. Alas, this world is miſerable; life is ſhort, and death is ſure.

EPIG 4.

My ſoul, what's lighter, than a feather?
Than wind? The fire. And what, than fire? The mind.
What's lighter, than the mind? A thought. Than thought?
This bubble world. What, than this bubble? Nought.

V.

His vertitur orbis.

V.

1 Cor. 7. 31.

The fashion of this World passeth away.

GOne are those golden dayes, wherein
Pale Conscience started not at ugly sin:
When good old *Saturn*'s peaceful Throne
Was unusurped by his beardless Son:
When jealous *Ops* ne'r fear'd th' abuse
Of her Chaste bed, or breach of nuptial Truce:
When just *Astræa* pois'd her Scales
In mortal hearts, whose absence earth bewail's:
When froth-born *Venus* and her brat,
With all that spurious brood Young *Jove* begat,
In horrid shapes were yet unknown;
Those Halcyon dayes, that golden age is gone.
There was no Client then to wait
The leisure of this long tayl'd Advocate;
The Talion Law was in request,
And Chanc'ry Courts were kept in ev'ry breast:
Abused Statutes had no Tenters,
And men could deal secure without indentures:
There was no peeping-hole to clear
The wittals eye from his incarnate fear;
There were no lustful Cinders then
To broil the Carbonado'd hearts of men:
The rosie cheek did then proclaim
A shame of Guilt, but not a guilt of shame:
There was no whining soul to start
At *Cupid*'s twang, or curse his flaming dart;

The Boy had then but callow wings.
And fell *Erynnis* Scorpions had no ſtings:
The better-acted world did move
Upon the fixed poles of Truth and Love.
Love eſſenc'd in the hearts of men!
Then Reaſon rul'd, there was no Paſſion then;
Till Luſt and rage began to enter,
Love the Circumference was, and love the Center
Until the wanton days of *Jove*.
The ſimple world was all compos'd of Love;
But *Jove* grew fleſhly, falſe, unjuſt;
Inferiour beauty fill'd his veins with luſt;
And Cucquean *Juno*'s fury hurld
Fierce balls of rape into th'inceſtuous world:
Aſtræa fled, and love return'd
From earth, earth boyl'd with luſt, with rage it burn'd:
And ever ſince the world hath been
Kept going with the ſcourge of Luſt and Spleen.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS.

Luſt is a ſharp ſpur to vice, which always putteth the affections into a falſe gallop.

HUGO.

Luſt is an immoderate wantonneſs of the fleſh, a ſweet poyſon, a cruel peſtilence; a pernitious poyſon, which weakneth the body of man, and effeminateth the ſtrength of an heroick mind.

S. AUGUST.

Envy is the hatred of anothers felicity: in reſpect of Superiours, becauſe they are not equal to them; in reſpect of Inferiours, leſt he ſhould be equal to them; in reſpect of equals, becauſe they are equal to them: Through envy proceeded the fall of the world, and death of Chriſt.

EPIG. 5.

What, *Cupid*, muſt the world be laſh'd ſo ſoon?
But made at morning, and he whipt at noon?
'Tis like the wagg, that plays with *Venus* Doves,
The more 'tis laſh'd, the more perverſe it proves.

VI.

In cruce tuta quies

24

VI.

ECCLES. 2. 17.

All is vanity and Vexation of Spirit.

1

HOw is the anxious ſoul of man befool'd
In his deſire,
That thinks an Hective feaver may be cool'd
In flames of fire,
Or hopes to rake full heaps of burniſh'd gold
From naſty mire!
A whining Lover may as well requeſt
A ſcornful breaſt
To melt in gentle tears, as woo the world for reſt.

2

Let wit, and all her ſtudied plots effect
The beſt they can;
Let ſmiling Fortune proſper and perfect
What wit began,
Let earth adviſe with both, and ſo project
A happy man;
Let wit or fawning Fortune vie their beſt;
He may be bleſt
With all that earth can give: but earth can give no reſt.

3.

Whoſe gold is double with a careful hand,
His cares are double;
The Pleaſure, Honour, Wealth of Sea and Land
Bring but a trouble;
The World it ſelf, and all the Worlds command,
Is but a bubble.
The ſtrong deſires of mans inſatiate breaſt
May ſtand poſſeſt
Of all that Earth can give; but earth can give no reſt.

4.

The World's a ſeeming Par'diſe, but her own
And man's tormentor;
Appearing fix'd, yet but a rolling ſtone
Without a tenter;
It is a vaſt Circumference, where none
Can find a Center.
Of more than Earth, can Earth make none poſſeſt;
And he that leaſt
Regards this reſtleſs World, ſhall in this world find reſt.

5.

True reſt conſiſts not in the oft revying
Of worldly droſs;
Earth's miry purchaſe is not worth the buying;
Her gain is loſs;
Her reſt but giddy toil, if not relying
Upon her croſs.
How worldlings droyl for trouble! That fond breaſt
That is poſſeſs'd
Of Earth without a croſs has Earth without a reſt.

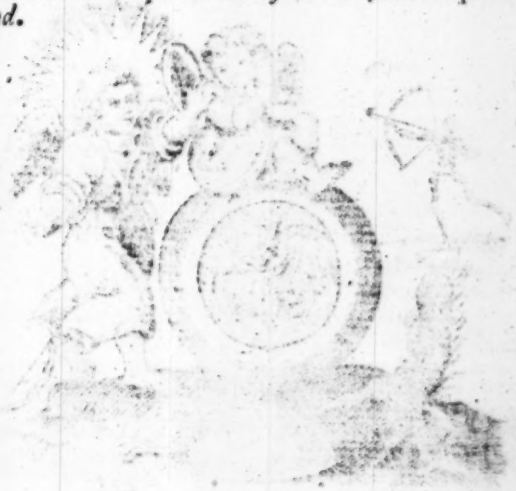
CASS.

CASS. in Pſ.

The Croſs is the invincible ſanctuary of the humble: The dejection of the proud, the victoty of Chriſt, the deſtruction of the devil, the confirmation of the faithful. the death of the unbeliever, the life of the juſt.

DAMASCEN.

The Croſs of Chriſt is the key of Paradiſe: the weak mans ſtaff: the Converts convoy: the upright mans perfection: the ſoul and bodies health: the prevention of all evil, and the procurer of all good.



EPIG. 6.

Worldlings, whoſe whimpering folly holds the loſſes
Of honour, pleaſure, health, and wealth ſuch croſſes,
Look here, and tell me, what your Arms engroſs:
When the beſt end of what ye hugg's a croſs.

VII.

VII.

I. PET. 5. 8.

Be ſober, be vigilant, becauſe your Adverſary the Devil as a roaring Lion walketh about ſeeking whom he may devour.

1

WHy doſt thou ſuffer luſtful ſloth to creep,
Dull Cyprian Lad into thy wanton brows?
Is this a time to pay thine idle vowes
At *Morpheus* ſhrine? Is this a time to ſteep
Thy brains in waſteful ſlumbers? up and rouze
Thy leaden ſpirit: Is this a time to ſleep?
Adjourn thy ſanguine dreams: awake, ariſe,
Call in thy thoughts; and let them all adviſe,
Had'ſt thou, as many heads, as thou haſt wounded eyes.

2

Look, Look, what horrid furies do await
Thy flatt'ring ſlumbers! If thy drowzy head
But chance to nod, thou fall'ſt into a bed
Of ſulph'rous flames, whoſe torments want a date.
Fond boy, be wiſe, let not thy thoughts be fed
With Phrygian wiſdome; fools are wiſe too late:
Beware betimes, and let thy reaſon ſever
Thoſe gates which paſſion clos'd; wake now or never:
For if thou nodd'ſt thou fall'ſt, and falling fall'ſt for ever.

3.

Mark, how the ready hands of death prepare:
His bow is bent, and he hath notch'd his dart;
He aims, he levels at thy ſlumb'ring heart:
The wound is poſting, O be wiſe, be ware.
What? has the voice of danger loſt the art
To raiſe the ſpirit of neglected care?
Well, ſleep thy fill, and take thy ſoft repoſes.
But know withall ſweet taſtes have ſowr cloſes;
And he repents in thorns, that ſleeps in beds of roſes.

4.

Yet ſluggard, wake, and gull thy Soul no more
With earth's falſe pleaſure, and the worlds delight,
Whoſe fruit is fair, and pleaſing to the ſight,
But ſowr in taſte, falſe as the putrid core:
Thy flaring glaſs is gems at her half light,
She makes thee ſeeming rich, but truly poor:
She boaſts a kernel, and beſtows a ſhell;
Performs an inch of her fair promis'd ell:
Her words proteſt a Heaven; her works produce an hell.

5.

O thou the fountain of whoſe better part,
Is earth'd and gravell'd up with vain deſire:
That daily wallow'ſt in the fleſhly mire
And baſe pollution of a luſtfull heart,
That feel'ſt no paſſion, but in wanton fire,
And ownſt no torment but in *Cupid's* dart;
Behold thy Type: Thou ſitt'ſt upon this ball
Of earth, ſecure, while death that flings at all,
Stands arm'd to ſtrike thee down, where flames attend thy fall.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

Security is no where: neither in Heaven nor in Paradiſe, much leſs in the World: in heaven the Angels fel from the divine preſence; in Paradiſe, Adam *fell from his place of pleaſure; in the world, Judas fell from the School of our Saviour.*

HUGO.

I eat ſecure, I drink ſecure, I ſleep ſecure, even as though I had paſt the day of death, avoided the day of judgement and eſcaped the torments of hell-fire: I play and laugh, as though I were already trinmphing in the Kingdome of Heaven.

EPIG. 7.

Get up, my Soul; Redeem thy ſlaviſh eyes
rom drowzy bondage: O beware; be wiſe:
Thy Fo's before thee; thou muſt fight or fly:
Life lyes moſt open in a cloſed eye.

VIII.

Et risu necat

VIII.

Luke 6. 25.

Woe be to you that laugh now, for ye ſhall mourn and weep.

The world's a popular diſeaſe, that reigns
Within the froward heart and frantick brains
Of poor diſtemper'd mortals oft ariſing.
From ill digeſtion, through th' unequal poiſing
Of ill-weigh'd Elements. whoſe light directs
Malignant humours to malign effects:
One raves and labours with a boyling liver;
Rends hair by handfuls, curſing *Cupids* quiver:
Another with a bloody-flux of oaths
Vows deep revenge: one dotes: the other loaths:
One friſks and ſings, and vies a flagon more
To drench dry cares, and make the Welkin rore:
Another droops; the Sun-ſhine makes him ſad;
Heav'n cannot pleaſe: One's mop'd; the tother's mad:
One huggs his gold; another lets it fly:
He knowing not for whom; nor tother why.
One ſpends his day in plots, his night in play;
Another ſleeps and ſlugs both night and day:
One laughs at this thing; tother cries for that:
But neither one nor tother knows for what.
Wonder of wonders! What we ought t'evite:
As our diſeaſe, we hug as our delight:
'Tis held a ſymptome of approaching danger,
When diſacquainted Senſe becomes a Stranger,

And

And takes no knowledge of an old diſeaſe;
But when a noiſome grief begins to pleaſe
The unreſiſting ſenſe, it is a fear
That death has parli'd, and compounded there:
As when the dreadful Thund'rers awful hand
Poures forth a vial on th' infected land,
At firſt th' affrighted Mortals quake and fear;
And every noiſe is thought the Thunderer:
But when the frequent ſoul-departing bell
Has pav'd their ears with her familiar knel,
It is reputed, but a nine dayes wonder,
They neither fear the Thund'rer nor his Thunder:
So when the world (a worſe diſeaſe) began
To ſmart for ſin, poor new created Man
Could ſeek for ſhelter, and his gen'rous Son
Knew by his wages, what his hands had done:
But bold-fac'd Mortals in our bluſhleſs times
Can ſing and ſmile and make a ſport of crimes,
Tranſgreſs of cuſtome, and rebel in eaſe;
We falſe-joy'd-fools can triumph in diſeaſe,
And (as the careleſs Pilgrim, being bit
By the Tarantula, begins a fit
Of life concluding laughter) waſte our breath
In laviſh pleaſure, till we laugh to death.

HUGO de anima.

What profit is there in vain-glory, momentany mirth, the worlds power, the fleſhes pleaſure, full riches, noble deſcent, and great deſires? Where is their laughter? where is their mirth! Where their inſolence? their arrogance? From how much joy to how much ſadneſs! After how much mirth, how much miſery! From how great glory are they fallen, to how great torments! What hath fallen to them, may befall thee, becauſe thou art a man: Thou art of earth; thou liveſt of earth; thou ſhalt return to earth. Death expecteth thee every where; be wiſe therefore, and expect death every where.

EPIG. 8.

What ayls the fool to laugh? Does ſomething pleaſe
His vain conceit? Or is't a meer diſeaſe?
Fool, giggle on, and waſte thy wanton breath;
Thy morning laughter breeds an ev'ning death.

IX.

Frustra quis stabilem figat in orbe gradum.

IX.

1. JOHN 2. 17.

The World passeth away and all the lusts thereof.

1

DRaw near, brave Sparks, whose Spirits scorn to light
Your hallow'd tapers, but at Honours flame;
You, whose heroick actions take delight
To varnish over a new-painted name;
Whose high-bred thoughts disdain to take their flight,
But on th'Icarian wings of babbling fame;
Behold how tott'ring are your high-built stories
Of earth, whereon you trust the groundwork of your glories.

2

And you more brain-sick Lovers, that can prise
A wanton smile before eternal Joyes;
That know no heav'n, but in your Mistris eyes;
That feel no pleasure, but what sense enjoyes:
That can like crown-distemper'd fools despise
True riches, and like babies whine for toyes:
Think ye the Pageants of your hopes are able
To stand secure on earth, when earth it self's unstable?

3

Come dung-hill Worldlings, you that root like swine,
And cast up golden trenches, where ye come:
Whose onely pleasure is to undermine,
And view the secrets of your mothers womb:
Come bring your Saint pouch'd in his leather shrine,
And summon all your griping Angels home;
Behold your World, the bank of all your store
The world ye so admire, the World ye so adore.

4.

A feeble world whoſe hot-mouth'd pleaſures tire
Before the race; before the ſtart, retrait;
A faithleſs world, whoſe falſe delights expire
Before the term of half their promis'd date:
A fickle World, not worth the leaſt deſire,
Where ev'ry chance proclaims a change of State:
A feeble, faithleſs, fickle world, wherein
Each motion proves a vice: and ev'ry act a ſin.

5.

The beauty, that of late was in her flowre,
Is now a ruin, not to raiſe a luſt;
He that was lately drench'd in *Danaes* ſhower,
Is maſter now of neither gold nor truſt;
Whoſe honour late was mann'd with Ptincely power,
His glory now lies buried in the duſt;
O who would truſt this world, or prize what's in it,
That gives and takes, and chops and changes ev'ry minute!

6.

Nor length of dayes nor ſolid ſtrength of brain,
Can find a place wherein to reſt ſecure:
The World is various, and the Earth is vain:
There's nothing certain here, there's nothing ſure:
We trudge, we travel, but from pain to pain,
And what's our only grief's our only cure:
The world's a torment; he that would endeavour
To find the way to reſt muſt ſeek the way to leave her.

S. GRE

S. GREG. in ho.

Behold the world is withered in it ſelf, yet flouriſheth in our hearts; every where death, every where grief, every where deſolation: On every ſide we are ſmitten; on every ſide filled with bitterneſs, and yet with the blind mind of carnal deſire we love her bitterneſs: It flieth, and we follow it; it falleth, yet we ſtick to it: And becauſe we cannot enjoy it fallen, we fall with it, and enjoy it, fallen.

EPIG. 9.

If Fortune fail, or envious Time but ſpurn.
The world turns round, and with the world we turn:
When Fortune ſees, and *Lynx* ey'd Time is blind.
I'le truſt thy joyes, O world till then, the wind.

X.

Utriusqꝫ crepundia Merces. 40

X.

JOHN 8. 44.

Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do.

HEre's your right ground: wag gently o're this black;
'Tis a short cast; y'are quickly at the jack.
Rub, rub an inch or two; two crowns to one
On this bowls side: blow wind, 'tis fairly thrown:
The next bowl's worse that comes, come bowl away;
Mammon, you know the ground untutor'd, play;
Your last was gone, a yard of strength well spar'd,
Had touch'd the block; your hand is still too hard,
Brave pastime, Readers, to consume that day,
Which without pastime flies too swift away!
See how they labour; as if day and night
Were both too short to serve their loose delight?
See how their curved bodies wreath, and skrue
Such antick shapes as *Proteus* never knew:
One rapps an oath, another deals a curse;
He never better bowl'd; this never worse:
One rubs his itchless elbow, shrugs and laughs,
The t'other bends his beetle-brows, and chafes:
Sometimes they whoop, sometimes their Stygian cries
Send their black *Santo*'s to the blushing skies:
Thus mingling humours in a mad confusion,
They make bad Premises, and worse conclusion:
But where's the Palm that Fortunes hand allowes
To bless the victors honourable brows?

Come, Reader, come; I'le light thine eye the way
To view the prize, the while the Gameſters play:
Cloſe by the jack, behold, gill fortune ſtands
To wave the game, ſee in her partial hands
The glorious garland's held in open ſhow,
To chear the Lads, and crown the conq'rors brow.
The world's the jack; the gameſters that contend,
Are *Cupid*, *Mammon*: that judicious Friend,
That gives the ground, is *Satan*: and the bowls
Are ſinful Thoughts; the Prize, a crown for Fools.
Who breaths that bowls not? what bold tongue can ſay
Without a bluſh, he hath not bowl'd to day?
It is the trade of man, and every ſinner
Has plaid his rubbers: Every Soul's a winner.
The vulgar Proverb's croſt, He hatdly can
Be a good Bowler and an honeſt man.
Good God! turn thou my Brazil thoughts anew;
New ſole my bowls, and make their bias true:
I'l ceaſe to game, till fairer ground be given.
Nor wiſh to win, until the mark be Heaven.

S. BERN.

S. BERNARD. lib. de Consid.

O you Sons of Adam, *you covetous generation, what have ye to do with earthly riches, which are neither true, nor yours? Gold and Silver are real earth, red and white, which the only errour of man makes, or rather reputes, precious: In short, if they be yours, carry them with you.*

S. HIERON. in Ep.

O Lust, thou infernal fire, whose fuel is gluttony; whose flame is pride; whose sparkles are wanton words; whose smoke is infamy; whose ashes are uncleanness; whose end is hell.

EPIG. 3.

Mammon well followed: *Cupid* bravely led;
Both Touchers; equal Fortune makes a dead:
No reed can measure where the conquest lies;
Take my advice; compound, and share the Prize:

XI.

Mundus in exitium ruit 44

XI.

EPHES. 2. 2.

Ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the Prince of the air.

1

O Whither will this mad brain world at last
Be driv'n; where will her restless wheels arrive
Why hurries on her ill-match'd pair so fast?
O whither mean. her furious groom to drive?
What will her rambling fits be never past?
For ever ranging? never once retrive?
Will Earths perpetual progress ne'r expire?
Her Team continuing in their fresh careir.
And yet they never rest, and yet they never tire.

2

Sol's hot-mouth'd Steeds, whose nostrils vomit flame,
And brazen lungs belch forth quotidian fire,
Their twelve hours taske perform'd grow stiff and lame,
And their immortal spirits faint and tire:
At th' azure mountains foot their labours claim
The priviledge of rest where they retire.
To quench their burning fetlocks and go steep
Their flaming nostrils in the western deep,
And fresh their tired souls with strength restoring sleep.

3

But theſe prodigious hackneys, baſely got
'Twixt men and devils, made for race nor flight,
Can drag the idle world, expecting not
The bed of reſt, but travel with delight;
Who never weighing way nor weather, trot
Through duſt and dirt, and droil both night and day;
Thus droil theſe fiends incarnate, whoſe free pains
Are fed with dropſies and venereal blains.
No need to uſe the whip; but ſtrength to rule the rains.

4

Poor captive world! How has thy lightneſs given
A juſt occaſion to thy foes illuſion?
O, how art thou betray'd, thus fairly driven
In ſeeming triumph to thy own confuſion?
How is thy empty Univerſe bereaven
Of all true joyes, by one falſe joyes deluſion?
So I have ſeen an unblown virgin fed
With ſugar'd words ſo full, that ſhe is led
A fair attended Bride to a falſe Bankrupts bed.

5

Pull gracious Lord; Let not thine Arm forſake
The world impounded in her own devices:
Think of that pleaſure that thou once did'ſt take
Amongſt the Lillies and ſweet Beds of ſpices.
Hale ſtrongly, thou whoſe hand has pow'r to ſlack
The ſwift-foot fury of ten thouſand vices:
Let not thy duſt-devouring Dragon boaſt,
His craft has won what Juda's Lion loſt;
Remember what is carv'd; recount the price it coſt.

ISIDOR. lib, 1. De ſummo bono.

By how much the nearer Satan perceiveth the world to an end, by ſo much the more fiercely he troubleth it with perſecution; that knowing himſelf is to be damned, he may get company in his damnation.

CYPRIAN, in Ep.

Broad and ſpacious is the road to infernal life: there are enticements and death-bringing pleaſures. There the Devil flattereth: that he may deceive; ſmileth that he may endamage; allureth that he may deſtroy.

EPIG. 11.

Nay ſoft and fair, good world; poſt not too faſt;
Thy journies end require, not half this haſt.
Unleſs that arm thou ſo diſdain'ſt, reprives thee,
Alas thou needs muſt go: the devil drives thee.

XII.

Inopem me copia fecit.

48.

XII.

ISAIAH. 66. 11.

Ye may ſuck, but not be ſatisfied with the breaſt of her conſolation.

1

WHat never fill'd? Be thy lips skrew'd ſo faſt (thee:
To th' earths full breaſt? for ſhame, for ſhame unſeiſe
Thou tak'ſt a ſurfet where thou ſhould'ſt but taſte,
And mak'ſt too much not half enough to pleaſe thee.
Ah, Fool, forbear; thou ſwalloweſt at one breath
Both food and poiſon down; thou draw'ſt both milk and (death.

2

The ub'rous breaſts, when fairly drawn, repaſt
The thriving infant with her milkie floud,
But being overſtrain'd, return at laſt
Unwholſome gulps compos'd of wind and bloud.
A mod'rate uſe does both repaſt and pleaſe;
Who ſtrains beyond a mean draws in and gulps diſeaſe.

3

But, O that mean, whoſe good the leaſt abuſe
Makes bad, is too too hard to be directed:
Can thorns bring grapes, or Crabs a pleaſing juice?
There's nothing wholeſome, where the whole's infected.
Unſeiſe thy lips: Earth's milk's a rip'ned core
That drops from her diſeaſe, that matters from her ſore.
Think'ſt

4

Think'ſt thou that paunch, that burlyes out thy coat,
Is thriving fat; or fleſh, that ſeems ſo brawny?
Thy paunch is dropſied and thy cheeks are bloat;
Thy lips are white, and thy complexion tawny;
Thy skin's a bladder blown with watry tumors;
Thy fleſh a trembling bog, a quagmire full of humours.

5

And thou whoſe thriveleſs hands, are ever ſtraining
Earths fluent breaſts into an empty ſieve,
That alwayes haſt, yet alwayes art complaining,
And whin'ſt for more than earth has power to give;
Whoſe treaſure flows and flees away as faſt;
That ever haſt, and haſt, yet haſt nor what thou haſt:

6

Go chooſe a ſubſtance, Fool, that will remain
Within the limits of thy leaking meaſure;
Or elſe go ſeek an urn that will retain
The liquid body of thy ſlipp'ry treaſure:
Alas, how poorly are thy labours crown'd?
Thy liquour's never ſweet, nor yet thy veſſel ſound.

7

What leſs, than Fool, is Man. to ptog and plot,
And laviſh out the cream of all his care,
To gain poor ſeeming goods, which being got,
Make firm poſſeſſion but a thorow fare;
Or, if they ſtay, they furrow thoughts the deeper,
And being kept with care, they loſe their careful keeper.

S. GREG.

S, GREG. Hom, 3. ſecund. parte Ezech.

If we give more to the fleſh than we ought, we nouriſh an enemy; if we give not to her neceſſity what we ought, we deſtroy a Citizen: the fleſh is to be ſatisfied ſo far as ſuffices to our good; whoſoever alloweth ſo much to her as to make her proud, knoweth not how to be ſatisfied: to be ſatisfied is a great art; leſt by the ſatiety of the fleſh we break forth into the iniquity of her ſolly.

HUGO de anima.

The heart is a ſmall thing, but deſireth great matters. It is not ſufficient for a Kites dinner, yet the whole world is not ſufficient for it.

EPIG. 12.

What makes thee, Fool, ſo fat? Fool, thee ſo bare?
Ye ſuck the ſelf-ſame milk, the ſelf-ſame air:
No mean betwixt all paunch, and skin, and bone?
The mean's a virtue and the World has none.

XIII.

Da mihi fræna timor; Da mihi calcar amor.

Ro. Vauagan fecit 1652

XIII.

JOHN 3. 19.

Men love darkneſs rather than light, becauſe their deeds are evil,

LOrd, when we leave the world and come to Thee,
How dull, how ſlug are we!
How backward! how prepoſterous is the motion
Of our ungain devotion!
Our thoughts are Milſtones, and our ſouls are lead,
And our deſires are dead:
Our vowes are fairly promis'd, faintly paid;
Or broken or not made:
Our better work (if any good) attends
Upon our private ends:
In whoſe performance one poor worldly ſcoff
Foils us or beats us off.
If thy ſharp ſcourge find out ſome ſecret fault,
We grumble or revolt:
And if thy gentle hand forbear, we ſtray,
Or idly loſe the way.
Is the road fair? we loyter: clogg'd with mire?
We ſtick or elſe retire:
A lamb appears a Lion; and we fear,
Each buſh we ſee's a bear.
When our dull ſouls direct our thoughts to thee,
The ſoft-pac'd ſnail is not ſo ſlow as we:
But at earth we dart our wing'd deſire,
We burn, we burn like fire.

Like

Like as the am'rous needle joyes to bend
To her magnetick friend:
Or as the greedy Lovers eye-balls fly
At his fair Miſtriſs eye:
So, ſo we cling to earth; we fly and puff,
Yet flie not faſt enough.
If pleaſure becken with her balmy hand,
Her beck's a ſtrong command:
If honour call us with a courtly breath,
An hour's delay is death:
If profits golden finger'd charms enveigles,
We clip more ſwift than Eagles:
Let Auſter weep or bluſt'ring Boreas rore
Till eyes or lungs be ſore:
Let Neptune ſwell until his dropſy ſides
Burſt into broken tides:
Nor threatning Rocks, nor Winds, nor Waves, nor Fire,
Can curb our fierce deſire;
Nor Fire, nor Rocks, can ſtop our furious minds,
Nor Waves, nor Winds:
How faſt and fearleſs do our foot ſteps flee!
The light-foot Roe-buck's not ſo ſwift, as we.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST. ſup. Pſal. 64.

Two ſeveral Lovers built two ſeveral Cities; the love of God buildeth a Jeruſalem; the love of the world buildeth a Babylon: Let every one enquire of himſelf what he loveth, and he ſhall reſolve himſelf of whence he is a Citizen.

S. AUGUST. lib: 3. Confeſſ.

All things are driven by their own weight, and tend to their own center: My weight is my love; by that I am driven whither ſoever I am driven.

Ibidem.

Lord, he loveth thee the leſs, that loveth any thing with thee, which he loveth not for thee.

EPIG 13.

Lord, ſcourge my Aſs, if ſhe ſhould make no haſt,
And curb my Stag, if he ſhould fly too faſt:
If he be overſwift, or ſhe prove idle,
Let Love lend him a ſpur: Fear, her a bridle.

XIV.

Phosphore redde diem. 56

XIV.

PSALM. 13. 3.

Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.

WIl't ne'r be morning; Will that promis'd light
Ne'r break, and clear those clouds of night?
Sweet *Phosper*, bring the day,
whose conqu'ring ray
May chase these fogs; Sweet *Phosper*, bring the day.

How long! how long shall these benighted eyes
Languish in shades, like feeble flies
Expecting Spring? How long shall darkness soyl
The face of earth, and thus beguile
Our souls of sprightful action? when, when will day
Begin to dawn, whose new-born ray
May gild the weather-cocks of our devotion,
And give our unsoul'd souls new motion?
Sweet *Phosper*, bring the day,
Thy light will fray
These horrid mists; Sweet *Phosper* bring the day.

Let those have night that slily love t' immure
Their cloyster'd crimes, and sin secure;
Let those have night that blush to let men know
The baseness they ne'r blush to do;
Let those have night, that love to have a nap
And loll in Ignorances lap;

Let thoſe whoſe eyes like Owls, abhor the light,
Let thoſe have night that love the night:
Sweet *Phoſper* bring the day;
How ſad delay
Afflicts dull hopes? Sweet *Phoſper*, bring the day.

Alas! my light in vain expecting eyes
Can find no object but what riſe
From this poor mortal blaze, a dying ſpark
Of *Vulcan*'s forge, whoſe flames are dark
A dangerous, a dull blew burning light,
As melancholy as the night:
Here's all the Sunnes that gliſter in the Sphere
Of earth: Ah me! what comfort's here?
Sweet *Phoſper*, bring the day;
Haſte, haſte away
Heav'ns loyt'ring lamp; ſweet *Phoſper*, bring the day.

Blow, Ignorance: O thou, whoſe idle knee
Rocks earth into a Lethargy,
And with thy ſooty fingers haſt bedight
The worlds fair cheeks, blow, blow thy ſpight;
Since thou haſt puft our greater Taper; do
Puffe on, and out the leſſer too:
If e're that breath-exiled flame return,
Thou haſt not blown, as it will burn:
Sweet *Phoſper* bring the day;
Light will repay
The wrongs of night: Sweet *Phoſper*, bring the day.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. in Joh. Ser. 19.

God is all to thee: If thou be hungry, he is bread; if thirſty, he is water; If in darkneſs he is light; If naked, he is a robe of immortality.

ALANUS de conq. nat.

God is a light that is never darkned; An unwearied life that cannot die; a fountain alwayes flowing; a garding of life; a ſeminary of wisdome; a radical beginning of all goodneſs.

EPIG. 14.

My ſoul, if Ignorance puffe out this light,
She'l do a favour that intends a ſpight:
'T ſeems dark a broad; but take this light away,
Thy windows will diſcover *break a day.*

XV.

Debilitate fides: Terras Astræa reliquit

XV.

REV. 12. 12.

The Devil is come unto you, having great wrath, becauſe he knoweth that he hath but a ſhort time.

1

LOrd! can'ſt thou ſee and ſuffer? is thy hand
Still bound to th' peace? Shall earths black Monarch
A full poſſeſſion of thy waſted land?
O, will thy ſlumb'ring vengeance never wake,
Till full-ag'd law-reſiſting Cuſtome ſhake
The pillars of thy right by falſe command?
Unlock thy clouds, great Thund'rer and come down;
Behold whoſe Temples wear thy ſacred Crown;
Redreſs, redreſs our wrongs; revenge, revenge thy own,

2

See how the bold Uſurper mounts the ſeat
Of royal Majeſty; How overſtrawing
Perils with Pleaſure, pointing ev'ry threat
With bugbear death, by torments over-awing
Thy frighted ſubjects; or by favours drawing
Their tempted hearts to his unjuſt retreat;
Lord can'ſt thou be ſo mild, and he ſo bold?
Or can thy flocks be thriving, when the fold
Is govern'd by a Fox? Lord, can'ſt thou ſee and hold?

3.

That ſwift-wing'd Advocate, that did commence
Our welcome ſuits before the King of Kings,
That ſweet Embaſſadour, that hurries hence
What ayres th' harmonious ſoul or ſighs or ſings,
See how ſhe flutters with her idle wings;
Her wings are clipt, and eyes put out by ſenſe;
Senſe conqu'ring Faith is now grown blind and cold,
And baſely craven'd, that in times of old
Did conquer Heav'n it ſelf, do what th' Almighty could.

4.

Behold how double fraud does ſcourge and tear
Aſtræa's wounded ſides, plough'd up, and rent
With knotted cords, whoſe fury has no ear;
See how ſhe ſtands a pris'ner to be ſent
A ſlave into eternal baniſhment,
I know not whither, O, I know not where:
Her Patent muſt be cancell'd in diſgrace;
And ſweet-lipt Fraud, with her divided face,
Muſt act *Aſtræa*'s part, muſt take *Aſtræa*'s place.

5.

Faith's pinion's clipt! And fair *Aſtræa* gone?
Quick-ſeeing *Faith* now blind? And *Juſtice* ſee?
Has *Juſtice* now found wings: and as *Faith* none?
What do we here? who would not wiſh to be
Diſſolv'd from earth, and with *Aſtræa* flee
From this blind dungeon to that Sun bright Throne?
Lord, is thy Scepter loſt, or laid aſide?
Is hell broke looſe, and all her fiends untied?
Lord, riſe, and rouze, and rule, and cruſh their furious pride

PETR.

PETR. RAV: in Matth.

The Devil is the author of evil, the fountain of wickedneſs, the adverſary of the truth, the corrupter of the world, mans perpetual enemy; he planteth ſnares, diggeth ditches, ſpurreth bodies, he goadeth ſouls, he ſuggeſteth thoughts, belcheth anger, expoſeth virtues to hatred, maketh vices beloved, ſoweth errors, nouriſheth contention, diſturbeth peace, and ſcattereth affection.

MACAR.

Let us ſuffer with thoſe that ſuffer: and be crucified, with thoſe that are crucified, that we may be glorified with thoſe that are glorified.

SAVANAR.

If their be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.

EPIG. 15.

My ſoul, ſit thou a patient looker on;
Judge not the play before the play is done:
Her plot has many changes: Every day
Speaks a new Scene; the laſt act crowns the Play.

I.

Sic lumine lumen ademptum.

64

THE SECOND BOOK.

I.

ISAIAH. 50. 11.

You that walk in the light of your own fire, and in the ſparks that ye have kindled, ye ſhall lie down in ſorrow.

1

DO, ſilly *Cupid*, ſnuffe and trimme
Thy falſe, thy feeble light,
And make her ſelf-conſuming flames more bright;
Methinks ſhe burns too dim.
Is this that ſprightly fire,
Whoſe more than ſacred beams inſpire
The raviſht hearts of men, and ſo inflame deſire?

2

See, Boy, how thy unthrifty blaze
Conſumes how faſt ſhe wains;
She ſpends herſelf, and her, whoſe wealth maintains
Her weak, her idle rayes.
Cannot thy luſtful blaſt,
Which gave it luſtre, make it laſt!
What heart can long be pleas'd, where pleaſure ſpends ſo faſt

3

Go, Wanton, place thy palefac'd light
Where never breaking day
Intends to viſit mortals, or diſplay
Thy ſullen ſhades of night:
Thy torch will burn more clear
In nights un-Titan'd Hemiſphere;
Heav'ns ſcornful flames and thine can never co-appear.

In

4.

In vain thy buſie hands addreſs
Their labour to diſplay
Thy eaſie blaze within the Verge of day;
The greater drowns the leſs:
If Heav'ns bright glory ſhine,
Thy glim'ring ſparks muſt needs reſign;
Puff out heav'ns glory then, or heav'n will work out thine.

5.

Go, *Cupids* rammiſh Pander, go,
Whoſe dull, whoſe low deſire
Can find ſufficient warmth from Natures fire,
Spend borrow'd breath, and blow,
Blow wind made ſtrong with ſpight;
When thou haſt puft the greater light
Thy leſſer ſpark may ſhine, and warm the new-made night.

6

Deluded mortals, tell me when
Your daring breath has blown
Heav'ns Taper out, and you have ſpent your own,
What fire ſhall warm ye then?
Ah fools, perpetual night
Shall haunt your ſouls with Stygian fright,
Where they ſhall boil in flames, but flames ſhall bring no light.

S. AUGUST.

The ſufficiency of my merit is to know that my merit is not ſufficient.

S. GREG. Mor. 25.

By how much the leſs man ſeeth himſelf, by ſo much the leſs he diſpleaſeth himſelf; and by how much the more he ſeeth the light of Grace, by ſo much the more he diſdaineth the light of nature.

S. GREG. Mor.

The light of the underſtanding humility kindleth and pride covereth.

EPIG. 1.

Thou blow'ſt heav'ns fire, the whil'ſt thou go'ſt about,
Rebellious fool, in vain to blow it out:
Thy folly addes confuſion to thy death;
Heav'ns fire confounds, when fann'd with Follies breath.

II.

Donec totum expleat orbem.

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II.

ECCLES. 4. 8.

There is no end of all his labour, neither is his eye ſatisfied with riches.

O How our wid'ned arms can over-ſtretch
Their own dimenſions! How our hands can reach
Beyond their diſtance! How our yielding breaſt
Can ſhrink to be more full, and full poſſeſt
Of this inferiour Orb? How earth refin'd
Can cling to ſordid earth! How kind to kind!
We gape, we graſp, we gripe, add ſtore to ſtore;
Enough requires too much: too much craves more.
We charge our ſouls ſo ſore beyond their ſtint,
That we recoil or burſt: the buſie Mint
Of our laborious thoughts is ever going,
And coyning new deſires; deſires not knowing
Where next to pitch, but like the boundleſs Ocean
Gain, and gain ground, and grow more ſtrong by motion.
The pale-fac'd Lady of the black ey'd night
Firſt tips her horned brows with eaſie light,
Whoſe curious train of ſpangled Nimphs attire
Her next nights glory with increaſing fire;
Each Ev'ning adds more luſtre, and adorns
The growing beauty of her graſping horns:
She ſucks and draws her brothers golden ſtore
Until her glutted orb can ſuck no more,
Ev'n to the Vulture of inſatiate minds
Still wants, and wanting ſeek, and ſeeking finds

New

New fewel to encreaſe her rav'nous fire,
The grave is ſooner cloy'd then mens deſire:
We croſſe the Seas, and midſt her waves we burn,
Tranſporting liſes, perchance that n re return;
We ſack, we ranſack to the utmoſt ſands
Of native kingdoms, and of forreign lands;
We travel Sea and Soil, we pry, we proul,
We progreſs, and we prog from pole to pole;
We ſpend our mid-day ſwet, our midnight oyl,
We tire the night in thought, the day in toil:
We make Art ſervile, and the Trade gentile,
(Yet both corrupted with ingenious guile)
To compaſs earth, and with her empty ſtore
To fill our arms and graſp one handful more;
Thus ſeeking reſt, our labours never ceaſe,
But as our years, our hot deſires increaſe:
Thus we, poor little Worlds! (with bloud and ſweat)
In vain attempt to comprehend the great;
Thus, in our gain, become we gainful loſers,
And what's enclos'd, encloſes the encloſers.
Now Reader cloſe thy book, and then adviſe:
Be wiſely worldly, be not worldly wiſe;
Let not thy nobler thoughts be alwayes raking:
The world's baſe dunghil; vermin's took by taking:
Take heed thou truſt not the deceitful lap
Of wanton *Dalilah*; The world's a Trap.

HUGO.

HUGO de anima.

Tell me where be thoſe now, that ſo lately loved and hugg'd the world? Nothing remaineth of them but duſt and worms; Obſerve what thoſe men where; what thoſe men are: They were like thee; they did eat, drink, laugh, and led merry daies; and in a moment ſlipt into hel. Here their fleſh is food for worms; there their Souls are fewel for fire, till they ſhall be rejoyned in an unhappy fellowſhip, and caſt into eternal torments; where they that were once companions in ſin, ſhall be hereafter partners in puniſhment.

EPIG. 2.

Gripe, *Cupid*, and gripe ſtill, until that wind,
That's pent before, find ſecret vent behind:
And when th'aſt done, hark here, I tell thee what,
Before I'l truſt thy armful, I'l truſt that,

III.

Non amat iſte; ſed hamat amor.

III.

Job. 18. 8.

He is caſt into a net by his own feet, and walketh upon a ſnare.

1

WHat? ners and quiver too? what need there all
These ſlie devices to betray poor men?
Die they not faſt enough when thouſands fall
Before thy dart? what need theſe engines then?
Attend they not, and anſwer to thy call,
Like nightly coveys where thou liſt and when?
What needs a ſtratagem where ſtrength can ſway?
Or what need ſtrength compel, where none gainſay?
Or what need ſtratagem or ſtrength, where hearts obey?

2

Hushand thy ſlights: It is but vain to waſte
Honey on thoſe that will be catch'd with gall:
Thou canſt not, ah! thou canſt not bid ſo faſt
As men obey: thou art more ſlow to call,
Than they to come; thou canſt not make ſuch haſt
To ſtrike, as they being ſtruck make haſt to fall.
Go ſave thy ners for that rebellious heart
That ſcorns thy pow'r, and has obtain'd the art
T' avoid thy flying ſhaft, to quench thy fi'ry dart.

3.

Loſt mortal, how is thy deſtruction ſure,
Between two bawds, and both without remorſe!
The on's a Line, the tother is a Lure;
This to entice thy ſoul; that to enforce:
Way-laid by both, how canſt thou ſtand ſecure?
That draws; this wooes thee to th' eternal curſe.
O charming Tyrant, how haſt thou befool'd
And ſlav'd poor man, that would not if he could
Avoid thy line, thy lure; nay could not if he would!

4.

Alas, thy ſweet perfidious voice betrayes
His wanton ears with thy Syrenian baits;
Thou wrapſt his eyes in miſts, then boldly layes
Thy Lethal gins before their chryſtal gates;
Thou lock'ſt up ev'ry ſenſe with thy falſe keys,
All willing priſ'ners to thy cloſe deceits:
His ear moſt nimble, where it deaf ſhould be,
His eye moſt blind, where moſt it ought to ſee, (free.
And when his heart's moſt bound, then thinks himſelf moſt

5.

Thou grand Impoſtor, how haſt thou obtain'd
The wardſhip of the world? Are all men turn'd
Idiots and Lunaticks? Are all retain'd
Beneath thy ſervile bands? Is none return'd
To his forgotten ſelf? Has none regain'd
His ſenſes? Are their ſenſes all adjourn'd?
What none diſmiſt thy Court? Will no plump fee
Bribe thy falſe fiſts to make a glad decree,
T' unfool whom thou haſt fool'd, and ſet thy priſ'ners free?

S. BERN.

S. BERN. in Ser.

In this world is much treachery little truth; here all things are traps; here every thing is beſet with ſnares; here ſouls are endangered, bodies are afflicted; here all things are vanity and vexation of ſpirit.

EPIG. 3.

Nay, *Cupid*, pitch thy trammel, where thou pleaſe,
Thou canſt not fail to take ſuch fiſh as theſe;
Thy thriving ſport will ne'r be ſpent: no need
To fear, when ev'ry cork's a world, thou'lt ſpeed.

IV.

Quam graue seruitium est, quod leuis esca parit.

76

IV.

HOSEA 13. 3.

They ſhall be as the chaff that is driven with a whirlwind out of the floor, and as the ſmoke out of the chimney.

FLint-hearted Stoicks, you, whoſe marble eyes
Contemn a wrinkle, and whoſe ſouls deſpiſe
To follow natures too affected faſhion,
Or travel in the Regent-walk of Paſſion;
Whoſe rigid hearts diſdain to ſhrink at fears,
Or play at faſt and looſe with ſmiles and tears;
Come burſt your ſpleens with laughter to behold
A new found vanity, which daies of old
Ne'r knew: a vanity, that has beſet
The world, and made more ſlaves than *Mahomet*:
That has condemn'd us to the ſervile yoke
Of ſlavery and made us ſlaves to ſmoke.
But ſtay? why tax I thus our modern times,
For new-born follies, and for new-born crimes?
Are we ſole guilty, and the firſt Age free?
No, they were ſmok'd and ſlav'd as well as we:
What's ſweet-lipt Honors blaſt, but ſmoke? What's treaſure
But very ſmoke? And what more ſmoke than pleaſure?
Alas! they are all but ſhadows, fumes, and blaſts;
That vaniſhes, this fades, the other waſtes.
The reſtleſs Merchant, he that loves to ſteep
His brains in wealth, and layes his ſoul to ſleep

In bags of Bullion, ſees the immortal crown,
And fain would mount, but Ingots keep him down:
He brags to day, perchance, and begs to morrow:
He lent but now, wants credit now to borrow:
Blow winds, the treaſure's gone, the merchant's broke;
A ſlave to ſilver's but a ſlave to ſmoke.
Behold the Glory-vying child of fame,
That from deep wounds ſuck ſuch an honour'd name,
That thinks no purchaſe worth the ſtile of good;
But what is ſold for ſweat, and ſeal'd with bloud;
That for a point, a blaſt of empty breath,
Undaunted gazes in the face of death;
Whoſe dear bought bubble, fill'd with vain renown,
Breaks with a phillop, or a Gen'rals frown:
His ſtroke-got Honour ſtaggars with a ſtroke;
A ſlave to honour is a ſlave to ſmoke.
And that foud ſoul, which waſtes his idle dayes
In looſe delights, and ſports about the blaze
Of *Cupid*'s Candle; he that daily ſpies
Twin babies in his Miſtriſs *Geminies*,
Whereto his ſad devotion does impart
The ſweet burnt-offering of a bleeding heart:
See, how his wings are findg'd in Cyprian fire,
Whoſe flames conſume with youth, in age expire:
The World's a bubble, all the pleaſures in it,
Like morning vapours vaniſh in a minute:
The vapours vaniſh, and the bubble's broke;
A ſlave to pleaſure is a ſlave to ſmoke.
Now, Stoick, ceaſe thy laughter, and repaſt
Thy pickled cheeks with tears, and weep as faſt.

S. HIERON.

S. HIERON.

That rich man is great, who thinketh not himſelf great, becauſe he is rich: the proud man (who is the poor man) braggeth outwardly, but beggeth inwardly: He is blown up but not full.

PETR. RAV.

Vexation and anguiſh accompany riches and honour: the pomp of the world, and the favour of the people are but ſmoke: and a blaſt ſuddenly vaniſhing: which if they commonly pleaſe, commonly bring repentance, and for a minute of joy, they bring an age of ſorrow.

EPIG. 4.

Cupid thy diet's ſtrange: It dulls, it rowzes,
It cools, it heats, it binds, and then it looſes:
Dull-ſprightly-cold-hot fool, if ev'r it winds thee
Into a looſeneſs once, take heed, it binds thee.

V.

Non omne, quod hic micat, aurum est

V.

PROV. 2 . 5.

Wilt thou ſet thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches make themſelves wings, they flie away as an Eagle.

1

FAlſe world, thou ly'ſt: thou canſt not lend
The leaſt delight:
Thy favours cannot gain a Friend,
They are ſo ſlight:
Thy morning pleaſures make an end
To pleaſe at night:
Poor are the wants that thou ſupply'ſt:
And yet thou vaunt'ſt, and yet thou vy'ſt
With heaven; fond earth thou boaſts; falſe world thou ly'ſt.

2

Thy babling tongue tels golden tales
Of endleſs treaſure;
Thy bounty offers eaſie ſales
Of laſting pleaſure;
Thou ask'ſt the Conſcience what ſhe ails,
And ſwear'ſt to eaſe her:
There's none can want where thou ſupply'ſt:
There's none can give where thou deny'ſt.
Alas, fond world thou boaſts; falſe world thou ly'ſt,

What

3

What well adviſed ear regards
What earth can ſay?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay;
Thy cunning can but pack the cards;
Thou canſt not play:
Thy game at weakeſt ſtill thou vy'ſt;
If ſeen, and then revy'd, deny'ſt;
Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt: falſe world, thou ly'ſt.

4.

Thy tinſil boſome ſeems a mint,
Of new-coin'd treaſure,
A Paradiſe, that has no ſtint,
No change, no meaſure;
A painted cask, but nothing in't,
Nor wealth, nor pleaſure:
Vain earth! that falſly thus comply'ſt
With man: Vain man! that thou rely'ſt
On earth: Vain man thou dot'ſt: Vain earth thou ly'ſt.

5.

What mean dull ſouls, in this high meaſure
To haberdaſh
In earths baſe wares, whoſe greateſt treaſure
Is droſs and traſh?
The height of whoſe inchanting pleaſure
Is but a flaſh?
Are theſe the goods that thou ſupply'ſt
Us mortals with? Are theſe the high'ſt?
Can theſe bring cordial peace? falſe world thou ly'ſt.

PET. BLES.

The world is deceitful: Her end is doubtful Her concluſion is horrible; her Judge is terrible; and her puniſhment is intolerable.

S. AUGUST. lib: Confeſſ.

The vain glory of this world is a deceitful ſweetneſs, a fruitleſs labour, a perpetual fear, a dangerous honour: Her beginning is without porvidence, and her end not without repentance.

EPIG. 5.

World, th'art a Traytor; thou haſt ſtampt thy baſe
And chymick metal with great *Cæſar's* face,
And with thy baſtard bullion thou haſt barter'd
For wares of price; how juſtly drawn and quarter'd!

VI.

Sic decipit orbis.

VI.

Job 15. 31.

Let not him that is deceived truſt in vanity, for vanity ſhall be his recompenſe.

1

BElieve her not, her glaſs diffuſes
Falſe portraiturcs: thou canſt eſpie
No true reflection: She abuſes
Her miſ-inform'd beholders eye;
Her Chryſtal's falſly ſteel'd: It ſcatters
Deceitful beams. Believe her not, ſhe flatters,

2

This flaring mirour repreſents
No right proportion, hiew or feature:
Her very looks are complements;
They make thee fairer, goodlier, greater:
The skilful gloſs of her reflection
But paints the Context of thy courſe complexion.

3

Were thy dimenſion but a ſtride,
Nay wert thou ſtatur'd but a ſpan,
Such as the long-bill'd troops defi'd,
A very fragment of a man;
She'l make thee *Mimas*, which ye will,
The *Jove*-ſlain Tyrant, or th' *Ionick* hill.

Had

4

Had surfets, or th' ungracious Star
Consпir'd to make one common place
Of all deformities that are
Within the volume of thy face,
She'd lend thee favour should out move
The *Troy*-bane *Hellen*, or the Queen of Love.

5

Were thy consum'd estate as poor
As *Laz'rus* or afflicted *Job*'s:
Shee'l change thy wants to seeming store,
And turn thy rags to purple robes;
Shee'l make thy hide-bound-flank appear
As plump as theirs that feast it all the year.

6

Look off, let not thy Opticks be
Abus'd: thou seest not what thou should'st,
Thy self's the object thou should'st see,
But 'tis thy shadow thou behold'st:
And shadows thrive the more in stature,
The nearer we approach the light of nature.

7

Where Heav'ns bright beams look more direct,
The shadow shrinks as they grow stronger:
But when they glance their fair aspect,
The bold-fac'd shade grows larger, longer:
And when their lamp begins to fall,
Th'increasing shadows lengthen most of all.

8

The soul that seeks the noon-of-grace.
Shrinks in, but swells if grace retreat;
As heav'n lifts up, or veils his face,
Our self-esteems grow less or great.
The least is greatest, and who shall
Appear the greatest are the least of all.

HuGo.

HUGO lib. de anima.

In vain he lifteth up the eye of his heart to behold his God, who is not firſt rightly adviſed to behold himſelf: Firſt, thou muſt ſee the viſible things of thy ſelf, before thou canſt be prepared to know the inviſible things of God; for if thou canſt not apprehend the things within thee, thou canſt not comprehend the things above thee: the beſt looking-glaſs, wherein to ſee thy God, is perfectly to ſee thy ſelf.

EPIG 6.

Be not deceiv'd great Fool: there is no loſs
In being ſmall; great bulks but ſwell with droſs.
Man is heav'ns Maſter-piece: If it appear
More great, the valu's leſs; if leſs, more dear,

VII.

Hic pessima, hic optima seruat.

88

VII.

Deut. 30.19.

I have ſet before thee life and death, bleſſing and curſing, therefore chooſe life, that thou and thy ſeed may live.

1

The world's a Floor, whoſe ſwelling heaps retain
The mingled wages of the Ploughmans toil;
The world's a heap, whoſe yet unwinnowed grain
Is lodg'd with chaff and buried in her ſoyl;
All things are mixt, the uſeful with the vain?
The good with bad, the noble with the vile:
The World's an ark wherein things pure and groſſe
Preſent their loſſe-ful gain, and gainful loſſe
Where ev'ry dram of gold contains a pound of droſſe.

2

This furniſh'd Ark preſents the greedy view
With all that earth can give, or Heav'n can add;
Here laſting joyes; Here pleaſures hourly new,
And hourly fading, may be wiſh'd and had:
All points of Honour, counterfeit, and true,
Salute thy ſoul, and wealth both good and bad:
Here maiſt thou open wide the two leav'd door
Of all thy wiſhes to receive that ſtore
Which being empty moſt, does overflow the more.

3.

Come then my ſoul approach this royal Burſe,
And ſee what wares our great Exchange retains;
Come, come; here's that ſhall make a firm divorce
Betwixt thy wants and thee, if want complains;
No need to ſit in council with thy purſe,
Here's nothing good ſhall coſt more price, than pains;
But O my ſoul take heed, if thou rely
Upon my faithleſs Opticks, thou wilt buy
Too blind a bargain: know, fools only trade by th' eye.

4.

The worldly wiſdome of the fooliſh man
Is like a ſieve that does alone retain
The groſſer ſubſtance of the worthleſs bran;
But thou, my ſoul, let my thy brave thoughts diſdain
So courſe a purchaſe; O be thou a fan
To purge the chaff, and keep a winnow'd grain;
Make clean thy thoughts, and dreſs thy mixt deſires,
Thou art Heav'ns tasker; and thy God requires
The pureſt of thy floor, as well as of thy fires.

5.

Let grace conduct thee to the paths of peace,
And wiſedome bleſs thy ſouls unblemiſh'd waies
No matter then, how ſhort or long's the leaſe,
Whoſe date determines thy ſelf-numbred dayes:
No need to care, for wealth's or fame's increaſe,
Nor *Mars* his Palm, nor high *Appollo*'s Bayes.
Lord, if thy gratious bounty pleaſe to fill
The floor of my deſires, and teach me skill
To dreſs and chuſe the corn take thoſe the chaffe that will.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib. 1. de doct. Christi.

Temporal things more raviſh in the expectation than in fruition: but things eternal more in the fruition than expectation.

Ibidem.

The life of man is the middle between Angels and beaſts; if man takes pleaſure in carnal things, he is compared to beaſts, but if he delights in ſpiritual things, he is ſited with Angels.

EPIG. 7.

Art thou a child? Thou wilt not then be fed,
But like a child, and with the childrens bread:
But thou art fed with chaff, or corn undreſt:
My ſoul thou ſavour'ſt too much of the beaſt.

VIII.

Hæc animant pueros cymbala; at illa viros.

Will: marshall. sculpsit. 92

VIII.

PHILIP. 13. 19.

They mind earthly things, but our converſation is in Heaven.

Venus. *Div. Cupid.*

Ven. WHat means this peeviſh brat? whiſh lullaby,
What ails my babe? What ails my babe to cry;
Will nothing ſtill it? Will it neither be
Pleas'd with the nurſes breaſt, nor mothers knee?
What ails my bird? What moves my froward boy
To make ſuch whimp'ring faces? Peace, my joy:
Will nothing do? come, come this pettiſh brat,
Thus cry and brawl, and cannot tell for what?
Come buſs and friends, my lamb; whiſh lullaby,
What ails my babe? What ails my babe to cry?
Peace, peace, my dear; alas, thy early years
Had never faults to merit half theſe tears;
Come ſmile upon me: Let thy mother ſpie
Thy fathers image in her babies eye:
Husband theſe guiltleſs drops againſt the rage
Of harder fortunes, and the gripes of age;
Thine eye's not ripe for tears: whiſh lullaby:
What ails my babe, my ſweet fac'd-babe to cry?
Look, look, what's here! A dainty golden thing:
See how the dancing bells turn round and ring
To pleaſe my bantling! Here's a knack will breed
An hundred kiſſes: Here's a knack indeed.

So, now my bird is white, and looks as fair
As *Pelops* ſhoulder or my milk-white hair:
Here's right the fathers ſmile; when *Mars* beguil'd
Sick *Venus* of her heart, juſt thus he ſmil'd

Divine Cupid.

Well may they ſmile alike; thy baſe-bred boy
And his baſe ſire had both one cauſe, a toy:
How well their ſubjects, and their ſmiles agree?
Thy *Cupid* finds a toy, and *Mars* found thee:
Falſe Queen of beauty, Queen of falſe delights,
Thy knee preſents an emblem, that invites
Man to himſelf, whoſe ſelf tranſported heart
(Or'r-whelm'd with native ſorrows, and the ſmart
Of purchas'd griefs) lies whining night and day,
Not knowing why, till heavy-heel'd delay,
The dull-brow'd Pander of deſpair, laies by
His leaden buskins, and preſents his eye
With antick trifles which th' indulgent earth
Makes proper objects of mans childiſh mirth.
Theſe be the coin that paſs, the ſweets that pleaſe;
There's nothing good, there's nothing great, but theſe:
Theſe be the pipes that baſe-born minds dance after,
And turn immod'rate tears to laviſh laughter;
Whilſt Heav'nly raptures paſs without regard;
Their ſtrings are harſh, and their high ſtrains unheard:
The plough mans whiſtle, or the trivial flute
Find more reſpect than great *Apollo*'s lute:
We'l look to Heav'n, and truſt to higher joyes;
Let ſwine love huſks, and children whine for toyes.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

That is the true and chief joy, which is not conceived from the creature, but received from the creator, (which being once poſſeſt thereof) none can take from thee: whereto all pleaſure being compared is torment, all joy is grief, ſweet things are bitter, all glory is baſeneſs, and all delectable things are deſpicable

S. BERN.

Joy in a changeable ſubject muſt neceſſarily change as the ſubject changeth.

EPIG. 8.

Peace, childiſh *Cupid*, peace: thy finger'd eye
But cries for what, in time, will make thee cry:
But are thy peeviſh wranglings thus appeas'd?
Well maiſt thou cry, that art ſo poorly pleas'd.

IX.

Venturum exhorresco diem.

IX.

ISAIAH. 10. 3.

What will you do in the day of your visitation? to whom will ye fly for help? and where will you leave your glory?

1

IS this that jolly God, whose Cyprian bow
Has shot so many flaming darts,
And made so many wounded Beauties go
Sadly perplex'd with whimp'ring hearts?
Is this that Sov' reign Deity that brings
The slavish world in awe, and stings (Kings?
The blund'ring souls of swains, and stoops the hearts of

2

What Circean charm, what Hecatean spight
Has thus abus'd the God of Love?
Great *Jove* was vanquish'd by his greater might;
(And who is stronger arm'd than *Jove*?)
Or has our lustful god perform'd a rape,
And (fearing *Argus* eyes) would scape
The view of jealous earth, in this prodigious shape?

3

Where be those rosie cheeks, that lately scorn'd
The malice of injurious Fates?
Ah, where's that pearl percullis that adorn'd
Those dainty two-leav'd Ruby gates?
Where be those killing eyes, that so control'd
The world? And locks that did infold
Like knots of flaming wire, like curles of burnish'd gold?

No,

4.

No, no, 'twas neither Hecatæan ſpite,
Nor charm below nor pow'r above;
'Twas neither *Circes* ſpell, nor Stygian ſp'rit,
That thus transform'd our god of Love;
'Twas owl-ey'd Luſt (more potent far, than they)
Whoſe eyes and actions hate the day:
Whom all the world obſerve, whom all the world obey.

5.

See, how the latter Trumpets dreadful blaſt
Affright ſtout *Mars* his trembling ſon!
See, how he ſtartles! how he ſtands agaſt,
And ſcrambles from his melting throne!
Hark, how the direful hand of vengeance tears
The ſwelt'ring clouds, whilſt Heav'n appears
A circle fill'd with flame, and centred with his fears.

6.

This is that day, whoſe oft report hath worn
Neglected tongues of Prophets bare;
The faithleſs ſubject of the worldlings ſcorn,
The ſum of men, and Angels pray'r
This, this, the day, whoſe all-diſcerning light
Ranſacks the ſecret dens of night,
And ſevers good from bad; true joyes from falſe delight.

7.

You grov'ling worldlings, you whoſe wiſedome trades
Where light nev'r ſhot his golden ray;
That hide your actions in Cimmerian ſhades,
How will your eyes endure this day?
Hills will be deaf, and mountains will not hear?
There be no caves, no corners there, (fear.
To ſhade your ſouls from fire, to ſhield your hearts from

HUGO.

O the extreme loathſomeneſs of fleſhly luſt, which not only effeminates the mind, but enervves the body; which not only diſtaineth the ſoul, but diſguiſeth the perſon! It is uſhered with fury and wantonneſs; it is accompanied with filthineſs and uncleanneſs; and it is followed with grief and repentance.

EPIG. 9.

What? ſweet-fac'd *Cupid* has thy baſtard treaſure,
Thy boaſted honours, and thy bold-fac'd pleaſure,
Perplex'd thee now? I told thee long ago,
To what they'd bring thee, fool, *To wit, to woe.*

X.

Tunnit : inane est.

X.

NAHUM 2. 10.

She is empty, and void, and waſte.

1

SHe's empty : hark, ſhe ſounds, there's nothing there
But noiſe to fill thy ear;
Thy vain enquiry can at length but find
A blaſt of murm'ring wind:
It is a cask, that ſeems as full as fair;
But merely tunn'd with air;
Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds:
The ſoul that vainly founds
Her joyes upon this world, but feeds on empty ſounds.

2

She's empty : hark, ſhe ſounds : there's nothing in't,
The ſpark ingend'ring flint
Shall ſooner melt, and hardeſt raunce ſhall firſt
Diſſolve and quench thy thirſt,
E're this falſe world ſhall ſtill thy ſtormy breaſt
With ſmooth fac'd calms of reſt:
Thou maiſt as well expect Meridian light
From ſhades of black-mouth'd night,
As in this empty world to find a full delight.

She's

3.

She's empty: hark; she sounds: 'tis void and vast;
What if some flatt'ring blast
Of flatuous honour, should perchance be there,
And whisper in thine ear?
It is but wind, and blows, but where it list,
And vanishes like a mist:
Poor honour earth can give: What gen'rous mind
Would be so base to bind
Her Heav'n-bred soul a slave to serve a blast of wind?

4.

She's empty: hark; she sounds: 'tis but a ball
For Fools to play withal:
The painted film, but of a stronger bubble,
That's lin'd with silken trouble:
It is a world, whose work and recreation
Is vanity and vexation;
A Hag, repair'd with vice-complexion paint,
A queft-house of complaint:
It is a saint, a fiend, worse fiend, when most a saint.

5.

She's empty: hark; she sounds: 'tis vain and void,
What's here to be enjoy'd
But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,
Drawn now, and cross'd to morrow?
Or what are men, but puffs of dying breath,
Reviv'd with living death?
Fond lad, O build thy hopes on surer grounds
Than what dull flesh propounds:
Trust not this hollow world, she's empty: hark, she sounds.

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heb.

Contemn riches, and thou ſhalt be rich; contemn glory and thou ſhalt be glorious; contemn injuries, and thou ſhalt be a conqueror; contemn reſt, and thou ſhalt gain reſt; contemn earth, and thou ſhalt find Heaven.

HUGO lib. de Vanit. mundi.

The world is a vanity, which affordeth neither beauty to the amorous, nor reward to the laborious, nor encouragement to the induſtrious.

EPIG. 10.

This Houſe is to be let, for life, or years;
Her Rent is ſorrow, and her Income tears:
Cupid, 't has long ſtood void; her bills make known,
She muſt be dearly let, or let alone.

XI.

Erras: hâc itur ad illam.

Will. Marshall. Sculpsit. 104

XI.

MATTH. 7. 14.

Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

PRepoſt'rous fool, thou troul'ſt amiſs;
Thou err'ſt; that's not the way, 'tis this;
Thy hopes inſtructed by thine eye,
Make thee appear more near than I;
My floor is not ſo flat, ſo fine,
And has more obvious rubs than thine:
'Tis true; my way is hard and ſtrait,
And leads me through a thorny gate.
Whoſe ranckling pricks are ſharp and fell;
The common way to Heav'n's by hell:
'Tis true; thy path is ſhort and fair,
And free from rubs: Ah, fool beware,
The ſafeſt road's not alwayes ev'n;
The way to Hell's a ſeeming Heav'n:
Think'ſt thou the Crown of Glory's had
With idle eaſe, fond Ciprian lad?
Think'ſt thou, that mirth, and vain delights,
High feed, and ſhadow-ſhortning nights,
Soft knees, full bones and beds of down,
Are proper Prologues to a Crown?
Or canſt thou hope to come and view,
Like proſperous *Cæſar*, and ſubdue?
The bondſlave Vſurer will trudge
In ſpight of Gouts, will turn a drudge,

And ſerve his ſoul-condemning purſe,
T' increaſe it with the widows curſe:
And ſhall the crown of glory ſtand
Not worth the waving of an hand
The fleſhly wanton to obtain
His minute-luſt, will count it gain
To looſe his freedome, his eſtate,
Upon ſo dear, ſo ſweet a rate;
Shall pleaſures thus be priz'd, and muſt
Heav'ns Palm be cheaper than a luſt?
The true-bred ſpark, to hoiſe his uame
Upon the waxen wings of fame,
Will fight undaunted in a floud
That's rais'd with brakiſh drops and bloud:
And ſhall the promis'd Crown of life
Be thought a toy, not worth a ſtrife?
An eaſie good brings eaſie gains;
But things of price are bought with pains:
The pleaſing way is not the right:
He that would conquer Heav'n muſt fight.

S. HIERON

S. HIERON. in Ep.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of Eternity is the mark we level at.

S. GREG. lib. 8. Mor.

The valour of a just man is to conquer the flesh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this present life, to endure and love the miseries of this world for the reward of a better, to contemn the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the fears of adversity.

EPIG. 11.

O, *Cupid*, if thy smoother way were right,
I should mistrust this Crown were counterfeit:
The way's not easie where the Prize is great:
I hope no virtues, where I smell no sweat.

XII.

Post Cruciera Dæmon

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XII.

GALAT. 6. 14.

God forbid that I ſhould glory, ſave in the Croſs.

1

CAn nothing ſettle my uncertain breaſt,
And fix my rambling love?
Can my affections find out nothing beſt?
But ſtill and ſtill remove?
Has earth no mercy? will no Ark of reſt
Receive my reſtleſs Dove?
Is there no good, than which there's nothing higher,
To bleſs my full deſire
With joyes that never change; with joyes that ne'r expire?

2

I wanted wealth; and at my dear requeſt,
Earth lent a quick ſupply;
I wanted mirth to charm my ſullen breaſt;
And who more brisk than I?
I wanted fame to glorifie the reſt;
My fame flew eagle-high:
My joy not fully ripe, but all decay'd;
Wealth vaniſh'd like a ſhade,
My mirth began to flag, my fame began to fade.

3.

The world's an Ocean, hurried too and fro
With ev'ry blaſt of paſſion:
Her luſtful ſtreams, when either eb or flow,
Are tides of mans vexation:
They alter daily, and they daily grow
The worſe by alteration:
The earth's a cask full tunn'd, yet wanting meaſure;
Her precious wine is pleaſure;
Her yeſt is honours puff; Her lees are worldly treaſure.

4

My truſt is in the Croſs: let beauty flag
Her looſe, her wanton ſail;
Let count'nance-gilding honour ceaſe to brag
In courtly terms, and vail;
Let ditch-bred wealth henceforth forget to wag
Her baſe, though golden tail;
Falſe beauties conqueſt is but real loſs,
And wealth, but golden droſs;
Beſt houour's but a blaſt: my truſt is in the Croſs.

5.

My truſt is in the croſs: There lies my reſt;
My faſt, my ſole delight:
Let cold-mouth'd Boreas, or the hot mouth'd Eaſt
Blow till they burſt with ſpight:
Let earth and hell conſpire their worſt, their beſt,
And joyn their twiſted might;
Let ſhow[illegible] thunder-bolts dart down, and wound me
And troops of friends ſurround me,
All this ma[illegible]ell confront; all this ſhall ne'r confound me.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST.

Chriſt's Croſs is the Chriſcroſs of all our happineſs: It deliverers us from all blindneſs of error, and enriches our darkneſs with light; it reſtoreth the troubled ſoul to reſt; It bringeth ſtrangers to Gods acquaintance; Is maketh remote forreigners near neighbours; It cutteth off diſcord; concludeth a league of everlaſting peace; and is the bounteous author of all good.

S. BERN. in Ser. de reſur.

We find glory in the Croſs; to us that are ſaved, it is the power of God, nnd the fulneſs of all virtues.

EPIG. 12.

I follow'd reſt, reſt fled and ſoon forſook me;
I ran from grief, grief ran and overtook me.
What ſhall I do? leſt I be too much toſt
On worldly croſſes, Lord, let me croſt.

XIII.

In cruce ſtat ſecurus amor.

XIII.

PROV. 26. 11.

As a dog returneth to his vomit, ſo a fool returneth to his folly.

O I am wounded! and my wounds do ſmart
Beyond my patience, or great *Chiron*'s art;
I yield, I yield; the day, the Palm is thine;
Thy bow's more true; thy ſhaft's more fierce than mine.
Hold, hold, O hold thy conq'ring hand. What need
To ſend more darts? the firſt has done the deed:
Oft have we ſtruggled, when our equal arms
Shot equal ſhafts, inflicted equal harms;
But this exceeds, and with her flaming head,
Twy-fork'd with death, has ſtruck my conſcience dead.
But muſt I die? Ah me! if that were all,
Then, then I'd ſtroke my bleeding wounds and call
This dart a cordial, and with joy endure
Theſe harſh ingredients, where my grief's my cure.
But ſomething whiſpers in my dying ear,
There is an after-day; which day I fear:
The ſlender debt to Nature's quickly paid,
Diſcharg'd perchance with greater eaſe than made;
But if that pale-fac'd Sergeant make arreſt,
Ten thouſand actions would (whereof the leaſt
Is more then all this lower world can bail)
Be entred, and condemn me to the jail
Of Stygian darkneſs bound in red hot chains,
And grip'd with tortures worſe than Titian pains.

Farewel

Farewel my vain, farewel my looſe delights;
Farewel my rambling dayes, my rev'ling nights;
'Twas you betray'd me firſt, and when ye found
My ſoul advantage, gave my ſoul the wound:
Farewel my bullion gods, whoſe ſovereign looks
So often catch'd me with their golden hooks:
Go ſeek another ſlave; ye muſt all go;
I cannot ſerve my God and Bullion too.
Farewel falſe honour; you, whoſe airy wings
Did mount my ſoul above the thrones of Kings;
Then flatter'd me, took pet, and in diſdain,
Nipt my green buds; then kick'd me down again:
Farewel my bow; farewel my Ciprian Quiver;
Farewel dear world, farewel dear world for ever.
O, but this moſt delicious world, how ſweet
Her pleaſures reliſh! Ah! How jump they meet
The graſping ſoul, and with their ſprightly fire,
Revive, and raiſe, and rowze the wrapt deſire!
For ever? O, to part ſo long? what? never
Meet more? another year, and then for ever:
Too quick reſolves do reſolution wrong;
What, part ſo ſoon, to be divorc'd ſo long?
Things to be done are long to be debated;
Heav'n is not day'd. Repentance is not dated.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib. de util agen. pœn.

Go up my ſoul into the tribunal of thy Conſcience: there ſet thy guilty ſelf before thy ſelf: Hide not thy ſelf behind thy ſelf, leſt God bring the forth before thy ſelf.

S. AUGUST. in Soliloq.

In vain is that waſhing, where the next ſin defileth: He hath ill repented, whoſe ſins are repeated: that ſtomach is the worſe for vomiting, that licketh up his vomit.

ANSELM.

God hath promiſed pardon to him that repenteth, but he hath not promiſed repentance to him that ſinneth.

EPIG. 13.

Brain-wounded *Cupid*, had this haſty dart,
As it hath prick'd thy fancy, pierc'd thy heart,
'T had been thy friend: O how hath it deceiv'd thee!
For had this dart but kill'd, this dart had ſav'd thee.

XIV.

Patet æthræ; clauditur orbi.

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XIV.

PROV. 24. 16.

A juſt man falleth ſeven times, and riſeth up again, but the wicked ſhall fall into miſchief.

1

'TIs but a foil at beſt, and that's the moſt
Your ſkill can boaſt:
My ſlipp'ry footing fail'd me; and you tript
Juſt as I ſlipt:
My wanton weakneſs did herſelf betray
With too much play:
I was too bold, He never yet ſtood ſure:
That ſtands ſecure:
Who ever truſted to his native ſtrength,
But fell at length?
The title's craz'd, the tenure is not good,
That claims by th' evidence of fleſh and bloud.

2

Boaſt not thy ſkill, the righteous man falls oft,
Yet falls but ſoft:
There may be dirt to mire him, but no ſtones
To cruſh his bones:
What if he ſtaggers? Nay, put caſe he be
Foil'd on his knee;
That very knee will bend to Heav'n, and woo
For mercy too.
The true-bred Gameſter ups a freſh, and then,
Falls to't agen;
Whereas the leaden-hearted coward lies,
And yields his conquer'd life, or craven'd dies.

Boaſt

3

Boaſt not thy Conqueſt ; thou that ev'ry hour
Fall'ſt ten times lower,
Nay, haſt not pow'r to riſe, if not, in caſe,
To fall more baſe :
Thou wallow'ſt where I ſlip ; and thou doſt tumble,
Where I but ſtumble :
Thou glory'ſt in thy ſlav'ries dirty badges,
And fall'ſt for wages :
Sowr grief aud ſad repentance ſcowrs and clears
My ſtains with tears:
Thy falling keeps thy falling ſtill in ure;
But when I ſlip, I ſtand the more ſecure.

4.

Lord, what a nothing is this little ſpan,
We call a Man!
What fenny traſh maintains the ſmoth'ring fires
Of his deſire!
How ſlight and ſhort are his reſolves at longeſt
How weak at ſtrongeſt!
O if a ſinner held by that faſt hand,
Can hardly ſtand,
Good God! In what a deſp'rate caſe are they?
That have no ſtay!
Mans ſtate implies a neceſſary curſe ;
When not himſelf, he's mad; when moſt himſelf, he's worſe

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS. in Ser. ad vincula.

Peter *ſtood more firmly after he had lamented his fall than before he fell. Inſomuch that he found more grace than he loſt grace.*

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heliod. monach.

It is no ſuch hainous matter to fall afflicted, as being down to lie dejected: It is no danger for a ſouldier to receive a wound in battel; but after the wound received, through deſpair of recovery to refuſe a remedy; for we often ſee wounded Champions wear the palm at laſt, and after fight, crowned with victory.

EPIG. 14.

Triumph not *Cupid*, his miſchance doth ſhow
Thy trade; doth once, what thou doſt alwayes do?
Brag not too ſoon; has thy prevailing hand
Foil'd him? Ah fool, th' haſt taught him how to ſtand.

XV.

Post lapsum fortius asto

116.

XV.

JEREMIAH 32, 40.

I will put fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me.

So, now the Soul's sublim'd: her sowr desires
Are recalcin'd in heaven's well temp'red fires:
The heart restor'd and purg'd from drossie nature
Now finds the freedom of a new-born creature
It lives another life, it breaths new breath;
It neither fears nor feels the sting of death.
Like as the idle vagrant (having none)
That boldly 'dopts, each house he views, his own?
Makes ev'ry purse his chequer; and at pleasure,
Walks forth, and taxes all the world like *Cæsar*,
At length by virtue of a just command,
His sides are lent to a severer hand:
Whereon his Pass, not fully understood,
Is texted in a manuscript of bloud:
Thus past from town to town; until he come
A sore repentant to his native home:
Ev'n so the rambling heart, that idly roves
From crimes to sin, and unconrrol'd removes
From lust to lust, when wanton flesh invites
From old-worn pleasures to new choice delights,
At length corrected by the filial rod
Of his offended (but his gracicious God)
And lash'd from sins to sighs; and by degrees,
From sighs to vows, from vows to bended knees,

From bended knees to a true penſive breſt;
From thence to torments, not by tongues expreſt,
Returns; (and from his ſinful ſelf exil'd)
Finds a glad father, he a welcome child:
O then it lives; O then it lives involv'd
In ſecret raptures; pants to be diſſolv'd:
The royal Off-ſpring of a ſecond Birth
Sets ope to Heav'n, and ſhuts the doors to earth:
If love-ſick *Jove* commanded clouds ſhould hap
To rain ſuch ſhow'rs as quickned *Danae's* lap:
Or Dogs (far kinder than their purple maſter)
Should lick his ſores, he laughs, nor weepsthe faſter.
If earth (Heav'ns rival) dart her idle ray;
To Heav'n, 'tis wax, and to the world, 'tis clay:
If earth preſent delights, it ſcorns to draw,
But like the jet unrub'd, diſdains that ſtraw:
No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it;
No grief diſturbs it; and no errour guids it;
No guilt condemns, and no folly ſhames it;
No ſloth beſots it; and no luſt enthralls it;
No ſcorn afflicts it, and no paſſion gawls it:
It is a cark'net of immortal life;
An Ark of peace; the liſts of ſacred ſtrife;
A purer piece of endleſs tranſitory;
A ſhrine of Grace, a little throne of Glory:
A Heav'n born Off-ſpring of a new-born birth;
An earthly Heav'n; an ounce of Heav'nly earth.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. de Spir. & Anima.

O happy heart, where piety affecteth, where humility subjects where repentance correcteth, where obedience directeth, where perseverance perfecteth, where power protecteth, where devotion projecteth, where charity connecteth.

S. GREG.

Which way soever the heart turneth it self (if carefully) it shall commonly observe, that in those very things we lose God, in those very things we shall find God: It shall find the heat of his power in consideration of those things, in the love of which things he was most cold, and by what things it fell, perverted, by those things it is raised, converted.

EPIG 15.

My heart! but wherefore do I call thee so?
I have renounc'd my int'rest long ago:
When thou wert false and fleshly, I was thine;
Mine wert thou never, till thou wert not mine.

Lord all my desire is before thee and my groaning is not hid from thee Ps: 38

THE THIRD BOOK

The Entertainment.

ALL you whoſe better thoughts are newly born,
And (rebaptiz'd with holy fire) can ſcorn
The worlds baſe traſh, whoſe necks diſdain to bear
Th' imperious yoke of Satan; whoſe chaſt ear
No wanton Songs of Syrens can ſurpriſe
With falſe delight; whoſe more than Eagle-eyes
Can view the glorious flames of gold, and gaze
On glitt'ring beams of honour, and do not daze;
Whoſe ſouls can ſpurn at pleaſure, and deny
The looſe ſuggeſtions of the fleſh', draw nigh:
And you whoſe am'rous, whoſe ſelect deſires
Would feel the warmth of thoſe tranſcendent fires,
Which (like the riſing Sun) put out the light
Of *Venus* ſtarr, and turn her day to night;
You that would love, and have your paſſions crown'd
With greater happineſs, than can be found
In your own wiſhes; you that would affect
Where neither ſcorn, nor guile, nor diſreſpect
Shall wound your torrur'd ſouls; that would enjoy,
Where neither want can pinch, nor fulneſs cloy,
Nor double doubt afflicts, nor baſer fear
Unflames your courage in purſuit, draw near,
Shake hands with earth, and let your ſoul reſpect
Her joyes no further, than her joyes reflect
Upon her Makers glory: if thou ſwim
In wealth, ſee him in all; ſee all in him:

Sink'ſt thou in want, and is thy ſmall cruſe ſpent?
See him in want; enjoy him in content:
Conceiv'ſt him lodg'd in Croſs, or loſt in pain?
In Pray'r and Patience find him out again:
Make Heav'n thy Miſtriſs, let no change remove
Thy loyal heart; be fond, be ſick of love:
What if he ſtop his ear, or knit his brow?
At length he'l be as fond, as ſick as thou:
Dart up thy ſoul in groans: Thy ſecret groan
Shall pierce his ear, ſhall pierce his ear alone:
Dart up thy ſoul in vowes: Thy ſacred vow
Shall find him out, where Heav'n alone ſhall know:
Dart up thy ſoul in ſighs: Thy whiſp'ring ſigh
Shall rouſe his ears, and fear no liſtner nigh:
Send up thy groans thy ſighs, thy cloſet-vow;
Ther's none, ther's none ſhall know but Heav'n and thou:
Groans freſh'd with vows, and vows made ſalt with tears,
Unſcale his eyes, and ſcale his conquer'd ears:
Shoot up the boſome-ſhafts of thy deſire,
Feather'd with faith, and double-fork'd with fire.
And they will hit: Fear not, where Heav'n bids come:
Heavn's never deaf, but when man's heart is dumb.

My Soule hath desired thee in the Night. Esay: 26:

I.

ISAIAH 26. 6.

My ſoul hath deſired thee in the night.

Good God! what horrid darkneſs doth ſurround
My groping ſoul! how are my ſenſes bound
In utter ſhades: and muffled from the light,
Lurk in the boſom of eternal night!
The bold-fac'd Lamp of Heav'n can ſet and riſe;
And with his morning glory fill the eyes
Of gazing mortals; his victorious ray
Can chaſe the ſhadows, and reſtore the day:
Nights baſhful Empreſs, though ſhe often wain,
As oft repents her darkneſs, primes again;
And with her circling horns doth re-embrace
Her brothers wealth, and orbs her ſilver face.
But ah, my Sun deep ſwallow'd in his fall,
Is ſet and cannot ſhine, nor riſe at all:
My bankrupt wain can beg nor borrow light;
Alas, my darkneſs is perpetual night,
Falls have their riſings, wainings have their primes,
And deſp'rate ſorrows wait their better times;
Ebs have their Flouds, and Autumns have their Springs:
All States have changes hurried with the ſwings
Of Chance and Time, ſtill riding to and fro:
Terreſtial bodies and celeſtial too.
How often have I vainly grop'd about,
With length'ned arms to find a paſſage out,
That I might catch thoſe beams mine eye deſires,
And bathe my ſoul in thoſe celeſtial fires?

Like

Like as the haggard, cloiſtered in her mew,
To ſcowr her downy robes, and to renew
Her broken flags, preparing t'overlook
The tim'rous Mallard at the ſliding brook,
Jets oft from perch to perch; from ſtock to ground,
From ground to window, thus ſurveying round
Her Dove beſeath'erd Priſon, till at length
(Calling her noble birth to mind, and ſtrength
Whereto her wing was born) her ragged beak
Nipps off her jangling jeſſes, ſtrives to break
Her gingling fetters, and begins to bate
At ev'ry glimple, and darts at ev'ry grate:
Ev'n ſo my weary Soul, that long ha's bin
An Inmate in this Tenement of ſin,
Lock'd up by cloud-brow'd Errour, which invites
My cloiſt'red thoughts to feed on black delights,
Now ſcorns her ſhadows, and begins to dart
Her wing'd deſires at thee, that only art
The Sun ſhe ſeekes, whoſe fiſing beames can fright
Theſe duskie clouds that make ſo darke a night:
Shine forth great Glory, ſhine, that I may ſee
Both how to loath my ſelf, and honour Thee:
But if my weakneſs force thee to deny
Thy flames, yet lend the twilight of thine eye:
If I muſt want thoſe Beames, I wiſh, yet grant,
That, I, at leaſt, may wiſh thoſe Beames I want.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 33.

There was a great dark cloud of vanity before mine eyes, so that I could not see the Sun of Justice & the Light of Truth: I being the son of darkness: was involved in darkness: I loved my darkness, because I knew not thy light: I was blind, and loved my blindness, and did walk from darkness to darkness: But Lord thou art my God, who hast led me from darkness and the shadow of death; hast called me into this glorious light, and behold, I see.

EPIG. 1.

My soul, chear up; what if the night be long,
Heav'n finds an ear, when sinners find a tongue:
Thy tears are morning show'rs: Heav'n bids me say,
When *Pete'rs* cock begins to crow, 'tis day,

II.

O Lord thou knowest my foolishnesse and my Sinns are not hid from thee Ps: 69. 5.

II.

PSALM 69. 3.

O Lord, thou knowest my fooliſhneſs, and my ſinnes are not hid from thee.

Seeſt thou this fulſom Ideot? In what meaſure
He ſeems tranſported with the antick pleaſure
Of childiſh baubles? Canſt thou but admire
The empty fulneſs of his vain deſire?
Canſt thou conceive ſuch poor delights, as theſe
Can fill th' inſatiate ſoul of man, or pleaſe
The fond aſpect of his deluded eye?
Reader, ſuch very fools are thou and I:
Falſe puffs of honour; the deceitful ſtreams
Of wealth; the idle, vain, and empty dreams
Of pleaſure, are our traffick, and enſnare
Our ſouls, the threefold ſubject of our care:
We toil for traſh, we barter ſolid joyes
For aiery trifles, ſell our Heav'n for toyes:
We knatch at barley grains, whilſt pearls ſtand by
Deſpis'd; ſuch very fools are thou and I.
Aim'ſt, thou at honour? does not th' Ideot ſhake it
In his left hand? fond man, ſtep forth and take it:
Or would'ſt thou wealth? ſee now the fool preſents thee
With a full basket; if ſuch wealth contents thee:
Would'ſt thou take pleaſure? if the fool unſtride
His prancing Stallion, thou maiſt up and ride:
Fond man, ſuch is the pleaſure, wealth, and honour
The earth affords ſuch fools, as dote upon her;

Such

Such is the game whereat earth's ideots flie;
Such ideots, ah! such fools are thou and I:
Had rebell-man's fool-hardiness extended
No farther, than himself, and there had ended,
It had been just; but thus enrag'd to fly
Upon the eternal eyes of Majesty,
And drag the Son of Glory from the brest
Of his indulgent Father; to arrest
His great and sacred Person: in disgrace,
To spit and spaul upon his Sun-bright-face;
To taunt him with base terms; and being bound,
To scourge his soft, his trembling sides; to wound
His head with thorns; his heart with humane fears;
His hands with nails, and his pale flank with spears:
And then to paddle in the purer stream
Of his spilt blood, is more, than most extreme:
Great builder of mankind, canst thou propound
All this to thy bright eyes, and not confound
Thy handy-work? O Canst thou choose but see,
That mad'st the eye? Can ought be hid from thee?
Thou seest our persons, Lord, and not our guilt;
Thou seest not, what thou maist, but what thou wilt:
The hand that form'd us is enforc'd to be
A Screen set up betwixt thy work and thee:
Look, look upon that Hand, and thou shalt spie
An open wound, a through-fare for thine eye;
Or if that wound be clos'd, that passage be
Deny'd between thy gracious eyes and me,
Yet view the scar; that scar will countermand
Thy wrath: O read my fortune in thy hand.

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS. Hom. 4. Joan.

Fools seem to abound in wealth, when they want all things; they seem to enjoy happiness, when indeed they are only most miserable; neither do they understand that they are deluded by their fancy, till they be delivered from the folly.

S GREG. in Mor.

By so much the more are we inwardly fooliſh, by how much we strive to seem outwardly wise.

EPIG. 2.

Rebellious fool, what has thy folly done:
Controll'd thy God, and crucifi'd his Sonne?
How sweetly has the Lord of life deceiv'd thee?
Thou shedd'ſt his bloud, & that shed bloud has sav'd thee.

III.

Have mercy on me O Lord for I am weake
O L^d heale me for my bones are vexed Ps: 62.

III.

PSALM 6. 2.

Have mercy Lord, upon me, for I am weak; O Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed.

Soul. *Jesus.*

Soul. AH, Son of *David*, help: *Jes.* What sinful crie
Implores the Son of *David*? *Soul*, It is I
Jes. Who art thou? *Soul.* Oh, a deeply wounded breſt
That's heavy laden and would fain have reſt
Jes. I have no ſcraps, and dogs muſt not be fed
Like houſhold children, with the childrens bread.
Soul, True, Lord; yet tolerate a hungry whelp
To lick their crumbs: O Son of *David*, help,
Jes. Poor Soul, what ail'ſt thou? *Soul*, O I burn, I fry,
I cannot reſt, I know not where to fly
To find ſome eaſe; I turn'd my blubber'd face
From man to man; I roll from place to place.
T'avoid my tortures, to obtain relief,
But ſtill am dogg'd and haunted with my grief:
My mid-night torments call the ſluggiſh light,
And when the morning's come, they woo the night.
Jes. Surceaſe thy tears, and ſpeak thy free deſires (fires
So. Quench, quench my flames, and ſwage theſe ſcorching
Jes. Canſt thou believe, my hand can cure thy grief?
Soul. Lord, I believe; Lord, help my unbelief.
Jes. Hold forth thine arm and let my fingers try
Thy pulſe; where chiefly doth thy torment lie?

Soul. From head to foot; it reigns in ev'ry part,
But playes the ſelf-law'd tyrant in my heart.
Jeſ. Canſt thou digeſt? canſt reliſh wholſome food?
How ſtands thy taſt? *Soul.* To nothing that is good:
All ſinful traſh, and earths unſav'ry ſtuff
I can digeſt, and reliſh well enough.
Jeſus. Is not thy blood as cold as hot, by turns?
Soul. Cold to what's good; to what is bad it burns!
Jeſus. How old's thy grief? *Soul.* I took it at the fall
With eating fruit. *Jeſ.* 'Tis Epidemical:
Thy bloud's infected, and th' infection ſprung
From a bad liver: 'Tis a feaver ſtrong
And full of death unleſs, with preſent ſpeed,
A vein be opened thou muſt die, or bleed.
Soul. O I am faint and ſpent: that launce that ſhall
Let forth my bloud, lets forth my life withal:
My ſoul wants cordials, and has greater need
Of bloud, then (being ſpent ſo far) to bleed:
I faint already, if I bleed, I dy.
Jeſ. 'Tis either thou muſt bleed, ſick ſoul or I:
My bloud's a cordial, He that ſucks my veins,
Shall cleanſe his own, and conquer greater pains
Then theſe: chear up; this precious blood of mine
Shall cure thy grief; my heart ſhall bleed for thine:
Believe and view me with a faithful eye,
Thy ſoul ſhall neither languiſh, bleed, nor die.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib. 10. Confeſſ.

Lord, be merciful unto me: Ah me: Behold, I hide not my wounds: Thou art a Phyſician, and I am ſick; Thou art merciful, and I am miſerable,

S. GREG. in Paſtoral,

O Wiſdom, with how ſweet an art doth thy wine and oyl reſtore health to my healthleſs ſoul! How powerfully merciful, how mercifully powerful art thou! Powerful for me, merciful to me!

EPIG. 3.

Canſt thou be ſick, and ſuch a Doctor by?
Thou canſt not live, unleſs thy Doctor dy!
Strange kind of grief, that finds no med'cine good
To ſwage her pains, but the Phyſicians blood!

IV.

Looke Vpon my Affliction & mi
serie & forgiue mee all my Sinn

IV.

PSALM. 25. 18.

Look upon my affliction and my pain, and forgive all my ſins.

BOth work and ſtrokes? both laſh and labour too?
What more could Edom, or proud Aſhur do?
Stripes, after ſtripes; and blows ſucceeding blows?
Lord, has thy ſcourge no mercy, and my woes
No end? my pains no eaſe? no intermiſſion?
Is this the ſtate? is this the ſad condition
Of thoſe that truſt thee? will thy goodneſs pleaſe
T' allow no other favours? none but theſe?
Will not the Rhet'rick of my torments move?
Are theſe the ſymptomes, theſe the ſigns of love?
Is't not enough, enough that I fulfil
The toylſome taſk of thy laborious mill?
May not this labour expiate and purge
My ſin without the addition of a ſcourge?
Look on my cloudy brow, how faſt it rains
Sad ſhowers of ſweat, the fruits of fruitleſs pains:
Behold theſe ridges; ſee what purple furrows
Thy plow has made; O think upon thoſe ſorrows
That once were thine; wilt thou not be woo'd
To mercy by the charms of ſweat and bloud;
Canſt thou forget that drowſie mount wherein
Thy dull Diſciples ſleep was not my ſin
There puniſh'd in thy ſoul? did not this brow
Then ſweat in thine? were not thoſe drops enow?

Remember Golgotha, where that ſpring-tide
O'rflow'd thy ſoveraign Sacramental ſide:
There was no ſin, there was no guilt in Thee,
That caus'd thoſe pains; thou ſweat'ſt, thou bledſt for me.
Was there not bloud enough, when one ſmall drop
Had pow'r to ranſome thouſand worlds, and ſtop
The mouth of Juſtice? Lord, I bled before
In thy deep wounds; can Juſtice challenge more?
Or doſt thou vainly labour to hedge in
Thy loſſes from my ſides? my bloud is thin,
And thy free bounty ſcorns ſuch eaſie thrift;
No, no, thy bloud came not as love but gift.
But muſt I ever grind? And muſt I earn
Nothing but ſtripes? O wilt thou diſaltern
The reſt thou gav'ſt? Haſt thou perus'd the curſe
Thou laid'ſt on *Adams* fall, and made it worſe?
Canſt thou repent of mercy? Heav'n thought good
Loſt man ſhould feed in ſweat; not work in bloud:
Why doſt thou wound th' already wounded breaſt?
Ah me! my life is but a pain at beſt:
I am but dying duſt: my day's a ſpan;
What pleaſure tak'ſt thou in the bloud of man?
Spare, ſpare thy ſcourge, and be not ſo auſtere;
Send fewer ſtroaks, or lend more ſtrength to bear.

S. BEEN.

S. BEBN. Hom. 81. in Cant.

Miſerable man! Who ſhall deliver me from the reproach of this ſhameful bondage? I am a miſerable man but a free man; free, becauſe a man; miſerable, becauſe a ſervant: In regard of my bondage, miſerable; in regard of my will, inexcuſable: For my will, that was free, beſlaved it ſelf to ſin, by aſſenting to ſin; for he that committeth ſin is the ſervant to ſin.

EPIG. 4.

Tax not thy God: Thine own defaults did urge
This twofold puniſhment; the mill the ſcourge.
Thy ſin 's the author of thy ſelf-tormenting:
Thou grind'ſt for ſinning; ſcourg'd for not repenting.

V.

Remember I beseech thee, that thou hast made me as the clay, & wilt thou bring me into dust againe: Iob. 10. 9. will: simp: scu:

V.

JOB. 10. 9.

Remember I beſeech thee, that thou haſt made me, as the clay, and wilt thou bring me to duſt again?

THus from the boſome of the new made earth
Poor man was delv'd, and had his unborn birth;
The ſame the ſtuff, the ſelf-ſame hand doth trim
The Plant that fades, the beaſt that dies, and him:
One was their ſire, one was their common mother,
Plants are his ſiſters, and the beaſt his brother,
The elder too; beaſts draw the ſelf-ſame breath,
Wax old alike, and die the ſelf-ſame death:
Plants grow as he, with fairer robes arrai'd;
Alike they flouriſh and alike they fade:
The beaſt in ſenſe exceeds him, and in growth,
The three ag'd Oak doth thrice exceed them both:
Why look'ſt thou then ſo big, thou little ſpan
Of earth? what art thou more in being man?
I, but thy great Creator did inſpire
My choſen earth, with thy diviner fire
Of reaſon; gave me judgment and a will;
That, to know good; this, to chooſe good from ill:
He put the reigns of pow'r in my free hand,
And juriſdiction over ſea and Land,
He gave me art to lengthen out my ſpan
Of life, and made me all, in being man:

I, but thy paſſion has committed treaſon
Againſt the ſacred perſon of thy reaſon:
Thy judgement is corrupt, perverſe thy will;
That knowes no good, and this makes choice of ill:
The greater height ſends down the deeper fall;
And good declin'd turns bad, turns worſt of all.
Say then, proud inch of living earth, what can
Thy greatneſs claim the more in being man?
O but my ſoul tranſcends the pitch of nature,
Born up by th' Image of her high Creator;
Out-braves the life of reaſon, and beats down
Her waxen wings, kicks off her brazen crown.
My earth 's a living Temple t' entertain
The King of Glory, and his glorious train:
How can I mend my title then? where can
Ambition find a higher ſtile than man?
Ah, but that Image is defac'd and ſoil'd;
Her Temple's raz'd, her Alters all defil'd;
Her veſſels are polluted and diſtain'd
With cloathed luſt, her ornaments prophan'd;
Her oyl-forſaken lamps, and hallow'd tapours
Put out; her incenſe breaths unſav'ry vapours:
Why ſwell'ſt thou then ſo big, thou little ſpan
Of earth? what art thou more in being man?
Eternal Potter, whoſe bleſt hands did lay
My courſe foundation from a ſod of clay,
Thou know'ſt my ſlender veſſel 's apt to leak;
Thou know'ſt my brittle temper 's prone to break;
Are my bones brazil, or my fleſh of oak?
O, mend what thou haſt made, what I have broke:
Look, look with gentle eyes, and in thy day
Of vengeance, Lord, remember I am clay.

S AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. 32.

Shall I ask, who made me? It was thou that madeſt me, without whom nothing was made: Thou art my maker, and I thy work. I thank thee, my Lord God, by whom I live, and by whom all things ſubſiſt, becauſe thou madeſt me: I thank thee, O my Potter, becauſe thy hands have made me, becauſe thy hands have formed me.

EPIG. 5.

Why ſwell'ſt thou, man, puft up with fame and purſe?
Th' art better earth, but born to dig the worſe:
Thou cam'ſt from earth, to earth thou muſt return,
And art but earth caſt from the womb to th' urn.

VI.

What shall I do vnto thee, O thou preserver of men: why hast thou set mee as a marke against thee. Iob. 7. 20

VI.

JOB 7. 20.

I have ſinned; what ſhall I do unto thee, O thou preſerver of men? why doſt thou ſet me, as a mark againſt thee?

LOrd, I have done; and Lord, I have miſdone;
'Tis folly to conteſt, to ſtrive with one
That is too ſtrong; 'tis folly to aſſail
Or prove an arm, that will, that muſt prevail.
I've done, I've done; th eſe trembiing hands have thrown
Their daring weapons down: the day's thine own:
Forbear to ſtrike where thou haſt won the field.
The palm, the palm is thine: I yield, I yield.
Theſe treach'rous hands that were ſo vainly bold
To try a thriveleſs combat, and to hold
Self-wounding weapons up, are now extended
For mercy from thy hand; that knee that bended
Upon her gardleſs guard doth now repent
Upon his naked floor; See both are bent,
And ſue for pity: O my ragged wound
Is deep and deſp'rate, it is drench'd and drown'd
In bloud and briny tears: It doth begin
To ſtink without and putrefie within
Let that victorious hand that now appears
Juſt in my blood, prove gracious to my tears:
Thou great preſerver of preſumptuous man.
What ſhall I do? what ſatisfaction can

Poor duſt a aſhes make? O if that bloud
That yet remains unſhed were half as good
As bloud of oxen; if my death might be
An offering to attone my God and me;
I would diſdain injurious life, and ſtand
A ſuiter to be wounded from thy hand.
But may thy wrongs be meaſur'd by the ſpan
Of life? or balanc'd with the bloud of man?
No, no, eternal ſin expects for guerdon,
Eternal penance, or eternal pardon:
Lay down thy weapons, turn thy wrath away,
And pardon him that hath no price to pay;
Enlarge that ſoul, which baſe preſumption binds;
Thy juſtice cannot looſe what mercy finds:
O thou that wilt not bruiſe the broken reed,
Rub not my ſores, nor prick the wounds that bleed.
Lord, if the peeviſh infant fights and flies,
With unpar'd weapons, at his mothers eyes,
Her frowns (half mixt with ſmiles) may chance to ſhew
An angry love-trick on his arm, or ſo;
Where if the Babe but make a lip and cry,
Her heart begins to melt, and by and by
She coaks his dewy-cheeks; her babe ſhe bliſſes,
And choaks her language with a thouſand kiſſes;
I am that child; Lo, here I proſtrate ly,
Pleading for mercy; I repent and cry
For gracious pardon: let thy gentle ears
Hear that in words, what mothers judge in tears:
See not my frailties, Lord, but through my fear,
And look on ev'ry trepaſſe through a tear:
Then calm thy anger, and appear more mild;
Remember, th' art a Father, I, a child.

S. BERN.

S. BERN. Ser. 21. in Cant.

Miſerable man! Who ſhall deliver me from the reproach of this ſhameful bondage? I am a miſerable man, but a free man: Free, becauſe like to God; miſerable, becauſe againſt God: O keeper of mankind, why haſt thou ſet me as a mark againſt thee? Thou haſt ſet me, becauſe thou haſt not hindred me: It is juſt that thy enemy ſhould be my enemy, and that he who repugneth thee, ſhould repugne me: I who am againſt thee, am againſt my ſelf.

EPIG. 6.

But form'd, and fight? but born, and then rebel?
How ſmall a blaſt will make a bubble ſwell?
But dare the floor affront the hand that laid it?
So apt is duſt to fly in 's face that made it.

VII

Wherefore hidest thou thy face, & holdest mee for thine Enemy? Iob. 13.24

VII.

JOB 13. 24.

Wherefore hideſt thou my face, and holdeſt me for thine enemy?

WHy doſt thou ſhade thy lovely face? O why
Does that eclipſing hand ſo long, deny
The Sun-ſhine of thy ſoul-enliv'ning eye?

Without that *Light*, what light remains in me?
Thou art my *Life*, my *Way*, my *Light*, in Thee
I live, I move, and by thy beams I ſee:

Thou art my *Life*, If thou but turn away,
My life's a thouſand deaths: thou art my *Way*:
Without thee, Lord, I travel not, but ſtray.

My *Light* thou art; without thy glorious ſight,
Mine eyes are darkned with perpetual night.
My God, thou art my *Way*, my *Life*, my *Light*.

Thou art my *Way*; I wander, if thou flie:
Thou art my *Light*; if hid how blind am I?
Thou art my *Life*; if thou withdraw, I die.

Mine eyes are blind and dark; I cannot ſee;
To whom or whither ſhould my darkneſſe flee,
But to the *Light*? And who's that *Light* but Thee?

My path is loſt; my wandring ſteps do ſtray;
I cannot ſafely go, nor ſafely ſtay;
Whom ſhould I ſeek, but Thee, my *Path*, my *Way*?

O, I am dead: to whom ſhall I, poor I,
Repair? to whom ſhall my ſad aſhes fly
But *Life*? And where is *Life* but in thine eye?

And yet thou turn'ſt away thy face, and flieſt me;
And yet I ſue for grace, and thou deny'ſt me;
Speak art thou angry, Lord, or only try'ſt me?

Unſkreen thoſe heav'nly lamps, or tell me why
Thou ſhad'ſt thy face? perhaps thou think'ſt no eye
Can view thoſe flames and not drop down and die.

If that be all ſhine forth and draw thee nigher;
Let me behold and die, for my deſire
Is *Phœnix* like to periſh in that fire,

Death conquer'd *Laz'rus* was redeem'd by thee;
If I am dead, Lord ſet deaths priſoner free;
Am I more ſpent, or ſtink I worſe than he?

If my puſt life be out, give leave to tine
My ſhameleſs ſnuffe at that bright *Lamp* of thine?
O what's thy *Light*, the leſs for lightning mine?

If I have loſt my *Path* Great Shepherd, ſay,
Shall I ſtill wander in a doubtful way?
Lord, ſhall a Lamb of *Iſr'els* ſheepfold ſtray?

Thou art the Pilgrims *Path*, the blind mans *Eye*;
The dead mans *Life*; on thee my hopes rely;
If thou remove, I erre; I grope; I die.

Diſcloſe thy Sun-beams; cloſe thy wings, and ſtay;
See, ſee how I am blind, and dead, and ſtray,
O thou that art my *Light*, my *Life*, my *Way*.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. cap. 1.

Why doſt thou hide thy face happily thou wilt ſay, none can ſee thy face and live: Ah Lord, let me die, that I may ſee thee; let me ſee thee, that I may die: I would not live, but die; that I may ſee Chriſt, I deſire death; that I may live with Chriſt, I deſpiſe life.

ANSELM. Med. cap. 5.

O excellent hiding, which is become my perfection! My God thou hideſt thy treaſure, to kindle my deſire; thou hideſt thy pearl, to inflame the ſeeker; thou delay'ſt to give, that thou maiſt teach me to importune; ſeem'ſt not to hear, to make me perſevere.

EPIG. 7.

If heav'ns all-quickning Eyes vouchſafe to ſhine
Upon our ſouls, we ſlight; if not, we whine:
Our Equinoctial hearts can never lie
Secure, beneath the Tropicks of that eye:

VIII.

O that my Head were waters, and mine eyes a fountaine of teares!

Jer. 9. 1.

VIII.

JER. 9. 1.

O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I may weep day and night.

O That mine eyes were ſprings, and could transform
Their drops to ſeas? my ſighs into a ſtorm
Of Zeal, and ſacred violence, wherein
This lab'ring veſſel laden with her ſin,
Might ſuffer ſudden ſhipwrack, and be ſpilt
Upon that Rock, where my drench'd ſoul may ſit
Orewhelm'd with plenteous paſſion; O and there
Drop, Drop, into an everlaſting tear!
Ah me! that ev'ry ſliding vein that wanders
Thtough this vaſt Iſle, did work her wild Meanders
In brackiſh tears, inſtead of blood, and ſwel
This fleſh with holy Dropſies, from whoſe Well,
Made warm with ſighs, may ſume my waſting breath,
Whilſt I diſſolve in ſtreams, and reek to death!
Theſe natrow ſluces of my dribling eyes
Are much too ſtreight for thoſe quick ſprings that riſe
And hourly fill my Temples to the top;
I cannot ſhed for ev'ry ſin a drop:
Great builder of mankind, why haſt thou ſent,
Such ſwelling floods, and made ſo ſmal a vent?

O that this fleſh had been compos'd of ſnow,
Inſtead of earth; and bones of ice, that ſo,
Feeling the fervor of my ſin; and loathing
The fire I feel, I might be thaw'd to nothing!
O thou that didſt, with hopeful joy, entomb
Me thrice three Moones in thy laborious womb,
And then with joyful pain, brought'ſt forth a Son,
What worth thy labour haſt thy labour done?
What was there? Ah! what was there in my birth
That could deſerve the eaſieſt ſmile of mirth?
A man was born: alas and what's a man?
A ſcuttle full of duſt, a meaſur'd ſpan
Of flitting time; furniſh'd Pack, whoſe wares
Are ſullen Griefs, and ſoul tormenting Cares:
A vale of tears; a veſſel tunn'd with breath,
By ſickneſs broacht, to be drawn out by death:
A hapleſs helpleſs thing; that, born does cry
To feed, that feeds to live; that lives to die.
Great God and Man, whoſe eye, ſpent drops ſo often
For me that cannot weep enough; O ſoften
Theſe marble brains, and ſtrike this flinty rock;
Or, if the muſick of thy *Peters* Cock
Will more prevail, fill, fill my hearkning ears
With that ſweet ſound, that I may melt in tears!
I cannot weep until thou broach mine eye;
Or give me vent, or elſe I burſt, and die.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS. in Pſal. 118.

He that commits ſinnes to be wept for, cannot weep for ſins committed: And being himſelf moſt lamentable hath no tears to lament his offences.

NAZIANZ. Orat. 3.

Tears are the deluge of ſin, and the worlds ſacrifice.

S. HIERON. in Eſaiam.

Prayer appeaſes God, but a tear compels him: that moves him, but this conſtrains him.

EPIG. 8.

Earth is an Iſland ported round with Fears;
The way to Heav'n is through the Sea of tears.
It is a ſtormy paſſage, where is found
The wrack of many a ſhip, but no man brown'd.

IX.

The ſorrowes of hell haue encompaſſed me the ſnares of death haue ouertaken me. Pſa. 17

IX.

PSALM. 18. 5.

The ſorrowes of hell compaſſed me about, and the ſnares of death prevented me.

IS not this Type well cut? in ev'ry part
Full of rich cunning? fil'd with Zeuxian Art?
Are not the Hunters, and their Stygian Hounds
Limm'd full to th' life? Didſt ever hear the ſounds,
The muſick, and the lip divided breaths
Of the ſtrong winded Horn, Recheats, and deaths,
Done more exact? Th' infernal Nimrods hollow?
The lawleſs purliews? and the Game they follow?
The hidden Engines, and the ſnares that lie
So undiſcover'd, ſo obſcure to th' eye?
The new-drawn net, and her entangled Prey?
And him that cloſes it? Beholder, ſay,
Is't not well done? ſeems not an em'lous ſtrife
Betwixt the rare cut picture and the life?
Theſe purliew men are Devils? and the hounds,
(Thoſe quick-nos'd Canibals, that ſcour the grounds)
Temptations and the Game, the Fiends purſue;
Are humane ſouls, which ſtill they have in view;
Whoſe fury if they chance to ſcape, dy flying,
The skilful Hunter plants his net cloſſe lying

On th'unſuſpected earth, baited with treaſure,
Ambitious honour, and ſelf-waſting pleaſure:
Where, if the ſoul but ſtoop, death ſtands prepar'd
To draw the net, and drown, the ſoul's enſnar'd.
Poor ſoul! how art thou hurried too and fro?
Where canſt thou ſafely ſtay? where ſafely go?
If ſtay: theſe hot-mouth'd Hounds are apt to tear thee,
If go: the ſnares encloſe, the nets enſnare thee:
What good in this bad world has pow'r t'invite thee
A willing Gueſt? wherein can earth delight thee?
Here pleaſures are but itch: Her wealth, but Cares:
A world of Dangers, and a world of ſnares:
The cloſe purſuers buſie hands do plant
Snares in thy ſubſtance; Snares attend thy want;
Snares in thy credit; Snares in thy diſgrace;
Snares in thy high eſtate; Snares in thy baſe;
Snares tuck thy bed; and Snares arround thy boord;
Snares watch thy thoughts; and Snares attach thy word
Snares in thy quiet; Snares in thy commotion;
Snares in thy dyet; Snares in thy devotion;
Snares lurk in thy reſolves; Snares in thy doubt
Snares lie within thy heart; and Snares without;
Snares are above thy head, and Snares beneath;
Snares in thy ſickneſs; Snares are in thy death:
O, if theſe purliews be ſo full of danger,
Great God of hearts, the worlds ſole ſov'raign Ranger.
Preſerve thy Deer, and let my ſoul be bleſt
In thy ſafe Forreſt, where I ſeek for reſt:
Then let the Hell-hounds roar; I fear no ill;
Rouze me they may, but have no pow'r to kill.

S. AMBROS. lib. 4. in cap. 4. Lucæ.

The reward of honours, the height of power, the delicacy of diet, and the beauty of an harlot are the ſnares of the Devil.

S. AMBROS. de bono mortis.

Whileſt thou ſeekeſt pleaſures, thou runneſt into ſnares, for the eye of the harlot is the ſnare of the Adulterer.

SAVANAR.

In eating he ſets before us Glutt[illegible]; in generation, luxury: in labor ſluggiſhneſs: in converſing, envy: in governing, covetouſneſs; in correcting, anger: in honour, pride: in the heart, he ſets evil thoughts: in the mouth, evil words: in actions, evil works: when awake, he moves us to evil actions: when a ſleep, to filthy dreams.

EPIG. 6.

Be ſad, my Heart, Deep dangers wait thy mirth:
Thy ſoul's way-laid by Sea, by Hell, by Earth:
Hell has her hounds: Earth, ſnares: the Sea a ſhelf;
But moſt of all, my heart, beware thy ſelf.

X.

Enter not into iudgment with thy
Seruant for no man liuing shall be
[illegible]fied in thy sight Will: Jmp son

X.

PSALM. 143. 2ª

Enter not into judgement with thy ſervant, for in thy ſight ſhall no man living be juſtified.

Jeſus. *Juſtice.* *Sinner.*

Jeſ. BRing forth the pris'ner, Juſtice. *Ju.* Thy commands
Are done, juſt Judge: See here the pris'ner ſtands.
Jeſ. What has the pris'ner done? Say; what's the cauſe
Of his commitment? *Juſt.* He hath broken the laws
Of his too gracious God; conſpir'd the death
Of that great Majeſty that gave him breath,
And heaps tranſgreſſion, Lord, upon tranſgreſſion.
Jeſ. How know'ſt thou this? *Ju.* Ev'n by his own confeſ-
His ſins are crying; and they cry'd aloud! (ſion:
They cry'd to heav'n, they cry'd to heav'n for bloud.
Jeſ. What ſayſt thou ſinner? haſt thou ought to plead,
That ſentence ſhould not paſſe? hold up thy head,
And ſhew thy brazen, thy rebellious face.
Sin. Ah me! I dare not: I'm too vile and baſe
To tread upon the earth, much more, to lift
Mine eyes to heav'n; I need no other ſhrift
Then mine own conſcience; Lord I muſt confeſſe,
I am no more than duſt, and no whit leſſe

Then

Than my indictment stiles me; Ah, if thou
Search too severe, with too severe a brow,
What flesh can stand? I have transgrest thy laws;
My merits plead thy vengeance; not my cause:
Just. Lord shall I strike the blow? *Jes.* Hold, Justice, stay:
Sinner, speak on; what hast thou more to say?
Sin. Vile as I am, and of my self abhorr'd,
I am thy handy-work, thy creature, Lord,
Stampt with thy glorious image, and at first,
Most like to thee, though now a poor accurst
Convicted Caitiff, and degen'rous creature,
Here trembling at thy bar. *Just.* Thy fault's the greater;
Lord shall I strike the blow? *Jes.* Hold, Justice. stay,
Speak sinner; hast thou nothing more to say?
Sin. Nothing but *Mercy, Mercy*; Lord my state
Is miserably poor and desperate;
I quite renounce my self, the world, and flee
From Lord to *Jesus*; from thy self, to thee.
Just. Cease thy vain hopes; my angry God has vow'd;
Abused mercy must have bloud for bloud:
Shall I yet strike the blow? *Jes.* Stay, Justice, hold;
My bowels yearn, my fainting bloud growes cold,
To view the trembling wretch; Methinks, I spie
My fathers image in the pris'ners eye.
Just. I cannot hold. *Jes.* Then turn thy thirsty blade
Into my sides: let there the wound be made:
Chear up, dear soul; redeem thy life with mine:
My soul shall smart; my heart shall bleed for thine.
Sin. O groundless deeps! O love beyond degree!
Th' offended dies, to set th' offender free.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST.

Lord, if I have done that, for which thou mayeſt damn me; thou haſt not loſt that whereby thou mayeſt ſave me: Remember not, ſweet Jeſus, thy juſtice againſt the ſinner, but thy benignity towards thy Creature: Remember not to proceed againſt a guilty ſoul, but remember thy mercy towards a miſerable wretch: Forget the inſolence of the provoker, and behold the miſery of the invoker; for what is Jeſus but a Saviour?

ANSELM.

Have reſpect to what thy Son hath done for me, and forget what my ſins have done againſt thee: My fleſh hath provoked thee to vengeance; let the fleſh of Chriſt move thee to mercy: it is much that my rebellions have deſerved; but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited.

EPIG. 10.

Mercy of mercies! He that was my drudge
Is now my Advocate, is now my judge:
He ſuffers, pleads, and ſentences, alone:
Three I adore, and yet adore but One.

XII.

Let not the water-flood overflow me neither let the deepe swallow me vp.
Ps: 69. 15. Will: Simpson sculpsit.

XV.

PSALM. 69. 15.

Let not the water-flood overflow me, neither let the deeps swallow me up.

THe World's a Sea; my flesh a Ship that's mann'd
With lab'ring Thoughts, and steer'd by Reasons hand:
My Heart's the Sea-mans Card, whereby she sails;
My loose Affections are the greater Sails.
The Top-sail is my Fancie, and the Gusts
That fill these wanton sheets are worldly Lusts.
Pray'r is the Cable, at whose end appears
The Anchor Hope, nev'r slip'd but in our fears:
My will's the unconstant Pilot, that comands
The stagg'ring Keel; my Sins are like the Sands:
Repentance is the Bucket, and mine Eye
The Pump, unus'd (but in extremes) and dry:
My Conscience is the Plummet that doth press
The deeps, but seldom cries, *A fathom less*:
Smooth Calm's security; the Gulf, despaire;
My Fraught's Corruption, and this Life's my Fair:
My Soul's the Passenger, confus'dly driven
From fear to fright; her landing-Port is Heaven.
My Seas are stormy, and my Ship doth leak;
My Sailers rude; my Steers-man faint and weak:
My Canvace torn, it flaps from side to side;
My Cable's crackt, my Anchors slightly ty'd;
My Pilots craz'd, my shipwrack-Sands are cloak'd;
My Buckets broken, and my Pump is choak'd;

My Calm's deceitful; and my Gulf too near;
My Wares are ſluber'd, and my Fare's too dear:
My Plummet's light, it cannot ſink nor ſound;
O ſhall my Rock-bethreatned Soul be drown'd?
Lord, ſtill the Seas, and ſhield my Ship from harm
Inſtruct my Sailours, guide my Steerſmans arm:
Touch thou my Compaſs, and renew my Sails
Send ſtiffer courage, or ſend milder gales;
Make ſtrong my Cable, binde my Anchor faſter;
Direct my Pilot, and be thou his Maſter;
Object the Sands to my more ſerious view,
Make ſound my Bucket, bore my Pump a new:
New caſt my Plummet, make it apt to try
Where the Rocks lurk, and where the Quick-ſands lie;
Guard thou the Gulf with love, my Calms with care;
Cleanſe thou my Fraught; accept my ſlender Fare;
Refreſh the Sea-ſick paſſenger; cut ſhort
His Voyage; land him in his wiſhed Port:
Thou, Thou, whom winds and ſtormy ſeas obey,
That through the deep gav'ſt grumbling Iſr'el way,
Say to my Soul, beſafe, and then mine eye
Shall ſcorn grim death, although grim death ſtand by,
O thou whoſe ſtrength-reviving Arm did cheriſh
Thy ſinking Peter, at the point to periſh,
Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the wave,
I'll come, I'll come: the voice that calls will ſave.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS. Apol. poſt. pro David. Cap. 3.

The confluence of luſts makes a great tempeſt, which in this ſea diſturbeth the ſea-fairing ſoul, that reaſon cannot govern it.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 35.

We labour in a boiſtrous Sea: Thou ſtandeſt upon the Shore and ſeeſt our dangers: give us grace to hold a middle courſe betwixt Scylla and Charybdis, that both dangers eſcaped, we may arrive at our Port ſecure.

EPIG. 11.

My ſoul, the ſeas are rough, and thou a ſtranger
In theſe falſe coaſts; O keep aloof; there's danger:
Caſt forth thy plummet; ſee a Rock appears;
Thy ſhip wants ſea-room; make it with thy tears.

XII.

O that thou wouldst protect me in the grave and hide me until thy furie be past. Iob. 14.

XII.

JOB. 14. 13.

O that thou wouldſt hide me in the grave, that thou wouldſt keep me ſecret until thy wrath be paſt!

O Whither ſhall I fly; what path untrod
Shall I ſeek out to ſcape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where ſhall I ſojourn? what kind of ſea will hide
My head from Thunder? where ſhall I abide,
Until his flames be quench'd or laid aſide?

What if my feet ſhould take their haſty flight,
And ſeek protection in the ſhades of night?
Alas! no ſhades can blind the God of Light.

What, if my ſoul ſhould take the wings of day,
And find ſome deſart? if ſhe ſpring away,
The wings of vengeance clip as faſt as they.

What if ſome ſolid rock ſhould entertain
My frighted ſoul? Can ſolid rocks reſtrain
The ſtroak of Juſtice, and not cleave in twain?

Nor Sea, nor Shade, nor Shield, nor Rock, nor Cave,
Nor ſilent Deſarts, nor the ſullen Grave,
Where flame-ey'd fury means to ſmite, can ſave.

The Seas will part; Graves open; Rocks will ſplit;
The Shield will cleave; the frighted ſhadows flit;
Where Juſtice aims, her fiery darts muſt hit.

No, no, if ſtern-browd vengeance means to thunder,
There is no place above, beneath, or under,
So cloſſe, but will unlock, or rive in ſunder.

'Tis vain to flee; 'tis neither here nor there
Can ſcape that hand, until that hand forbear;
Ah me! where is he not, that's every where?

'Tis vanity to flee; till gentle mercy ſhew
Her better eye, the farther off we go,
The ſwing of Juſtice deals the mightier blow.

Th' ingenious child, corrected, doth not flie
His angry mothers hand, but clings more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Shadows are faithleſs, and the rocks are falſe;
No truſt in braſs, no truſt in marble walls;
Poor cots are even as ſafe as Princes halls.

Great God, there is no ſafety here below;
Thou art my fortreſs though thou ſeem'ſt my foe,
'Tis thou that ſtrik'ſt the ſtroke muſt guard the blow.

Thou art my God; by thee I fall or ſtand;
Thy Grace hath giv'n me courage to withſtand
All tortures, but my conſcience and thy hand.

I know thy Juſtice is thy ſelf; I know,
Juſt God, thy very ſelf is Mercy too;
If not to thee, where, whither ſhould I go?

Then work thy will? If paſſion bid me flee,
My reaſon ſhall obey; my wings ſhall be
Stretcht out no farther than from thee to thee.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. in Pſalm. 33.

Whither flie I? To what place can I ſafely flie? To what mountain? To what den? To what ſtrong houſe? What Caſtle ſhall I hold? What walls ſhall hold me? whereſoever I go, my ſelf followeth me: For whatſoever thou flieſt, O man, thou maiſt, but thy own conſcience: Whereſoever, O Lord I go, I finde thee, If angry, a Revenger; if appeaſed, a Redeemer: What way have I, but to flie from thee to thee: That thou maiſt avoid thy God, addreſs thee to thy Lord.

EPIG. 12.

Hath vengeance found thee? Can thy feares command
No rocks to ſhield thee from her thund'ring hand?
Know'ſt thou not where to ſcape? I'll tell thee where;
My Soul make clean thy conſcience; hide thee there.

XIII.

Are not my dayes few? Cease then, and let me alone that I may bewail my selfe a little.
Job: 10. 20.

XIII.

JOB. 10. 20.

Are not my dayes few? Ceaſe then, and let me alone, that I may bewail my ſelf a little.

MY Glaſs is half unſpent; Forbear t' arreſt
My thriftleſs day too ſoon: my poor requeſt
Is that my glaſs may run but out the reſt.

My time-devoured minutes will be done
Without thy help; ſee, ſee how ſwift they run:
Cut not my thred before my thred be ſpun.

The gain's not great I purchaſe by this ſtay;
What loſs ſuſtain'ſt thou by ſo ſmall delay,
To whom ten thouſand years are but a day?

My following eye can hardly make a ſhift
To count my winged hours; they fly ſo ſwift;
They ſcarce deſerve the bounteous name of gift.

The ſecret wheels of hurrying Time do give,
So ſhort a warning, and ſo faſt they drive,
That I am dead before I ſeem to live.

And what's a Life? a weary Pilgrimage,
Whoſe glory in one day doth fill the Stage
With Childe hood, Man-hood, and decrepit Age.

And what's a Life? the flouriſhing array
Of the proud Summer medow, which to day
Wears her green pluſh, and is to morrow hay.

And whats a Life? A blaſt ſuſtein'd with clothing,
Maintain'd with food, retein'd with vile ſelf loathing,
Then weary of it ſelf, again'd to nothing.

Read on this dial, how the ſhades devour
My ſhort-liv'd winters day; hour eats up hour;
Alas, the totall's but from eight to four.

Behold theſe Lillies (which thy hands have made
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view,) how ſoon they droop, how ſoon they fade!

Shade not that dial, night will blinde too ſoon;
My non-ag'd day already points to noon;
How ſimple is my ſuit! how ſmall my boon!

Nor do I beg this ſlender inch, to while
The time away, or ſafely to beguile
My thoughts with joy, her's nothing worth a ſmile.

No, no: 'tis not to pleaſe my wanton ears
With frantick mirth, I beg but hours, not years:
And what thou giv'ſt me, I will give to tears.

Draw not that Soul which would be rather led!
That *Seed* has yet not broke my Serpents head;
O ſhall I die before my ſins are dead?

Behold theſe rags; am I a fitting gueſt
To taſt the dainties of thy royal feaſt,
With hands and face unwaſh'd, ungirt, unbleſt?

Firſt, let the Jordan ſtreams (that finde ſupplies
From the deep fountain of my heart) ariſe,
And cleanſe my ſpots, and clear my leprous eyes.

I have a world of ſins to be lamented;
I have a ſea of tears that muſt be vented:
O ſpare till then; and then I die contented.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUG. lib. de Civit. Dei Cap 10.

The time wherein we live is taken from the ſpace of our life; and what remaineth is daily made leſs and leſs, in ſo much that the time of our life is nothing but a paſſage to death.

S. GREG, lib. 9. Cap. 44. 10. *Job.*

As moderat afflictions bring tears, ſo immoderate take away tears; in ſo much that ſorrow becometh no ſorrow, which ſwallowing up the mind of the afflicted, taketh away the ſenſe of the affliction.

EPIG. 13.

Fear'ſt thou to go when ſuch an Arm invites thee?
Dread'ſt thou thy loads of ſin? or what affrightes thee?
If thou begin to fear, thy fear begins;
Fool can he bear thee hence, and not thy ſins?

XIV.

Oh y they were wise, then they would understand this; they would Consider their latter end.
Deuteron: 32: 29.

XIV.

DEUTERONOMY. 32. 29.

O that men were wise, and that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end.

Flesh. *Spirit.*

Fl. WHat means my sisters eye so oft to passe
Through the long entry of that Optick glass?
Tell me what secret virtue doth invite
Thy wrinkled eye to such unknown delight?
Sp. It helps the sight, makes things remote appear
In perfect view: it draws the objects near.
Fl. What sense delighting objects dost thou spie?
What doth that glasse present before thine eye?
Sp. I see thy foe, my reconciled friend,
Grim Death even standing at the Glasses end;
His left hand holds a branch of Palm; his right
Holds forth a two-edg'd sword. *Fl.* A proper sight!
And is this all doth thy Prospective please
Th' abused fancy with no shapes but these?
Sp. Yes, I behold the dark'ned Sun bereav'n
Of all his lights the battlement of Heav'n
Swel'ring in flames; the Angel-guarded Son
Of glory on his high Tribunal-Throne;
And Fiends, with knotted whips of flaming wire,
Tort'ring poor souls, that gnash their teeth in vain,
And gnaw their flame-tormented tongues for pain.

Look

Look, ſiſter, how the queazy-ſtomack'd Graves
Vomit their dead, and how the purple waves
Scall'd their conſumeleſs bodies, ſtrongly curſing
All wombs for bearing, and all paps for nurſing.
Fl. Can thy diſtemper'd fancy take delight
In view of tortures? theſe are ſhews t' affright:
Look in this glaſſe triangular; look here,
Here's that will raviſh eyes. *Sp.* What ſeeſt thou there?
Fl. The world in colours, colours that diſtain
The cheeks of *Proteus*, or the ſilken train
Of *Flora*'s Nymphs; ſuch various ſorts of hiew,
As Sun-confronting *Iris* never knew:
Here if thou pleaſe to beautifie a town,
Thou maiſt; or with a hand, turn't upſide down;
Here maiſt thou ſcant or widen by the meaſure
Of thine own will; make ſhort or long at pleaſure:
Here maiſt thou tire thy fancy, and adviſe
With ſhows more apt to pleaſe more curious eyes
Sp. Ah fool! that dot'ſt on vain, on preſent toyes,
And diſreſpect'ſt thoſe true, thoſe future joyes!
How ſtrongly are thy thoughts befool'd, alas,
To dote on goods that periſh with thy glaſs!
Nay, vaniſh with the turning of a hand!
Were they but painted colours, it might ſtand
With painted reaſon that they might devote thee?
But things that have no being to beſot thee?
Foreſight of future torments is the way
To baulk thoſe ills which preſent joyes bewray:
As thou haſt fool'd thy ſelf, ſo now come hither,
Break that fond glaſs, and let's be wiſe together.

S. BONAVENT.

BONAVENT. de contemptu ſeculi.

O that men would be wiſe, underſtand, and foreſee: Be wiſe, to know three things: The multitude of thoſe that are to be damned: the few number of thoſe that are to be ſaved; and the vanity of tranſitory things: Underſtand, three things, the multitude of ſins, the omiſſion of good things, and tee loſs of time: Foreſee three things, the danger of death, the laſt judgment, and eternal puniſhment.

EPIG. 14.

What, Soul, no further yet? what nev'r commence
Maſter in Faith? Still batchelour of Senſe?
Is't inſufficiency? Or what has made thee
Oreſlip thy loſt degree? thy luſts have ſtaid thee;

XV.

My life is spent with grief and my yeers with sighing. Psal. 31.

XV.

PSALM. 30. 10.

My life is ſpent with grief, and my years with ſighing.

VVHat ſullen Starr rul'd my untimely birth,
That would not lend my daies one hour of Mirth?
How oft have theſe bare knees been bent to gain
The ſlender alms of one poor ſmile, in vain?
How often, tir'd with the faſtidious light,
Have my faint lips implor'd the ſhades of night?
How often have my nightly torments pray'd
For lingring twilight, glutted with the ſhade?
Day worſe then night, night worſe then day appears,
In feares I ſpend my nights, my daies in tears:
I moan unpitti'd, groan without relief,
There is nor end nor meaſure of my grief.
The ſmiling flow'r ſalutes the day; it growes
Untouch'd with care; it neither ſpins nor ſowes:
O that my tedious life were like this flow'r,
Or freed from grief, or finiſh'd with an hour:
Why was I born? Why was I borne a man?
And why proportion'd by ſo large a ſpan?
Or why ſuſpended by the common lot,
And being born to die, why die I not?
Ah me! why is my ſorrow-waſted breath
Deni'd the eaſi priviledge of death?
The branded ſlave that tugs the weary oare,
Obtains the Sabbath of a welcome ſhore?
His ranſom'd ſtripes are heal'd, his native ſoil
Sweetens the mem'ry of his forreign toil:

ut ah! my ſorrows are not half ſo bleſt;
My labour finds no point, my paines no reſt:
I barter ſighs for tears, and tears for groans,
Still vainly rolling Siſyphean ſtones:
Thou juſt obſerver, of our flying hours,
That, with thy Adamantine fangs, devours
The brazen monuments of renown'd Kings.
Doth thy glaſs ſtand? Or be thy moulting wings
Unapt to flie? If not, why doſt thou ſpare
A willing breaſt; a breaſt that ſtands ſo fair?
A dying breaſt, that hath but only breath
To beg a wound, and ſtrength to crave a death?
O that the pleaſed Heav'ns would once diſſolve
Theſe fleſhly fetters, that ſo faſt involve
My hamp'red ſoul; then would my ſoul be bleſt
From all theſe ills, and wrap her thoughts in reſt:
Till then, my daies are months, my months are years,
My years are ages to be ſpent in tears:
My grief's entail'd upon my waſtful breath,
Which no recov'ry can cut off, but death;
Breath drawn in cottages, puft out in thrones.
Begins, continues, and concludes in groans.

INNOCENT:

INNOCENT. de vilitate condit. humanæ.

O who will give mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I may bewail the miſerable ingreſs of mans condition; the ſinful progreſs of mans converſation, the damnable egreſs in mans diſſolution? I will conſider with tears, whereof man was made, what man doth, and what man is to do: Alas, he is formed of earth, conceived in ſin, born to puniſhment: He doth evil things which are not lawful; He doth filthy things, which are not decent; He doth vain things, which are not expedient.

EPIG. 15.

My heart, Thy life's a debt by Bond, which bears
A ſecret date; the uſe is Groans and Tears:
Plead not; uſurious Nature will have all,
As well the Int'reſt as the Principal.

I.

My soule hath coueted to desire thy iudgments. psal: 119.

THE FOURTH BOOK

I.

ROM. 7. 23.

I see another Law in my members warring against the Law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the Law of sin.

1

O How my will is hurried too and fro,
And how my unresolv'd resolves do vary!
I know not where to fix sometimes I go
This way, then that, and then the quite contrary:
I like, dislike; lament for what I could not;
I do, undo; yet still do what I would not.
And at the self same instant will the thing I would not.

2

Thus are my weather-beaten thoughts oppress't
With th' earth-bred winds of my prodigious will;
Thus am I hourly tost from East to West
Upon the rowling streams of good and ill:
Thus am I driven upon these slipp'ry suds
From real ills to false apparent goods:
My life's a troubled sea, compos'd of ebs and flouds.

3

The curious Penman, having trimm'd his page
With the dead language of his dabbled quill,
Lets fall a heedless drop, then in a rage
Cashiers the fruits of his unlucky skill;
Ev'n so my pregnant soul in th' Infant bud
Of her best thoughts showrs down a cole black flood
Of unadvised ills, and cancels all her good.

4

Sometimes a ſudden flaſh of ſacred heat
Warms my chill ſoul, and ſets my thoughts in frame:
But ſoon that fire is ſhouldred from her ſeat
By luſtful *Cupid's* much inferiour flame.
I feel two flames, and yet no flame entire;
Thus are the mungrel thoughts of mixt deſire,
Conſum'd between that heav'nly and this earthly fire.

5

Sometimes my traſh diſdaining thoughts out paſs
The common period of terrene conceit;
O then, methinks I ſcorn the thing I was,
Whilſt I ſtand raviſh'd at my new eſtate:
But when th' Icarian wings of my deſire
Feel but the warmth of their own native fire,
O then they melt and plunge within their wonted mire.

6

I know the nature of my wav'ring mind;
I know the frailty of my fleſhly will:
My Paſſion's Eagle ey'd; my judgment blind;
I know what's good, but yet make choice of ill.
When th' Oſtrich wings of my deſires ſhall be
So dull, they cannot mount the leaſt degree,
Yet grant my ſoul deſire but of deſiring thee.

S. BERNARD

S. BERN. Med. 9.

My heart is a vain heart, a vagabond and inſtable heart; while it is led by its own judgment, and wanting Divine counſel cannot ſubſiſt in it ſelf; and whileſt it divers waies ſeeketh reſt, findeth none, but remaineth miſerable through labour, and void of peace: it agreeth not with it ſelf; it diſſenteth from it ſelf; it altereth reſolutions, changeth the judgment, frameth new thoughts, pulleth down the old, and buildeth them up again: It willeth and willeth not; and never remaineth in the ſame ſtate.

S. AUGUST. de verb. Apoſt.

When it would, it cannot; becauſe when it might, it would not: Therefore by an evil will man loſt his good power.

EPIG. 1.

My ſoul, how are thy thoughts diſturb'd, confin'd,
Enlarg'd betwixt thy members and thy mind!
Fix here or there; thy doubt depending cauſe
Can ne'r expect one verdict 'twixt two Laws.

II.

Oh that my wayes were directed to keepe thy ſtatutes. Pſal. 119.5

II.

PSALM 119. 5.

O that my waies were directed to keep thy Statutes!

1

THus I, the object of the worlds diſdain,
With Pilgrim pace ſurround the weary earth:
I only reliſh what the world counts vain;
Her mirth's my grief, her ſullen grief my mirth;
Her light my darkneſs; and her truth my errour:
Her freedom is my jail; and her delight my terrour.

2

Fond earth! proportion not my ſeeming love
To my long ſtay; let not thy thoughts deceive thee;
Thou art my priſon and my home's above;
My life's a preparation but to leave thee:
Like one that ſeeks a door, I walk about thee:
With thee I canot live; I cannot live without thee.

3

The world's a lab'rinth, whoſe anfractuous wayes
Are all compos'd of rubs and crook'd Meanders:
No reſting here; He's hurried back that ſtayes
A thought; and he that goes unguided wanders:
Her way is dark, her path untrod, unev'n;
So hard's the way from earth; ſo hards the way to Heaven.

4

This gyring lab'rinth is betrench'd about
On either hand with ſtreams of ſulph'rous fire,
Streams cloſely ſliding, erring in and out,
But ſeeming pleaſant to the fond deſcrier;
Where if his footſteps truſt their own invention,
He falls without redreſs, and ſinks without dimenſion.

Where

5

Where ſhall I ſeek a Guide? where ſhall I meet
Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces?
What truſty Lantern will direct my feet
To ſcape the danger of theſe dang'rous places?
What hopes have I to paſs without a Guide;
Where one gets ſafely through, a thouſand fall beſide.

6

An unrequeſted Star did gently ſlide
Before the Wiſe-men to a greater Light;
Back-ſliding Iſr'el found a double Guide;
A Pillar, and a Cloud; by Day, by Night:
Yet in my deſp'rate dangers which be farr
More great then theirs, I have no Pillar, Cloud, nor Star.

7

O that the pinions of a clipping Dove
Would cut my paſſage through the epmtie Aire;
Mine eyes being ſeel'd, how would I mount aboue
The reach of danger and forgotten care!
My backward eyes ſhould ne'r commit that fault,
Whoſe laſting guilt ſhould build a monument of *Salt.*

8

Great God that art the flowing Spring of Light,
Enrich mine eyes with thy reſulgent Ray:
Thou art my Path; direct my ſteps aright;
I have no other Light, no other Way:
I'll truſt my God, and him alone purſue;
His Law ſhall be my Path; his Heavenly Light my Clue.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 4.

O Lord; who art the Light, the Way, the Truth, the Life; in whom there is no darkneſs, errour, vanity nor death: the Light, without which there is darkneſs; the Way, without which there is wandring; the truth without which there is errour; the life, without which there is death: Say, Lord, let there be light, and I ſhall ſee Light, and eſchew darkneſs; I ſhall ſee the way and avoid wandring; I ſhall ſee the truth, and ſhun errour; I ſhall ſee Life, and eſcape death: Illuminate, O illuminate my blind ſoul, which ſitteth in darkneſs, and the ſhaddow of death: and direct my feet in the way of peace.

EPIG. 2.

Pilgrim trudge on: what makes thy ſoul complain
Crowns thy complaint. The way to reſt is pain:
The road to reſolution lies by doubt:
The next way home's the fartheſt way about.

III.

Stay my stepps in thy Pathes that my feet do not slide. Ps. 17. 5.

W. M. Sc.

III.

PSALM. 17. 5.

Stay my steps in thy paths, that my feet do not slide.

1

WHen ere the old Exchange of profit rings
Her silver Saints-bell of uncertain gains,
My Merchant-soul can stretch both legs and wings,
How I can run, and take unwearied pains!
The charms of profit are so strong, that I
Who wanted legs to go find wings to flie.

2

If time-beguiling Pleasure but advance
Her lustful trump, and blow her bold alarms,
O how my sportful soul can frisk and dance,
And hug that Syren in her twined arms!
The sprightly voice of sinew-strengthning pleasure
Can lend my bedrid soul both legs and leisure.

3

If blazing honour chance to fill my veins
With flat'ring warmth, and flash of Courtly fire,
My soul can take a pleasure in her pains:
My lofty strutting steps disdain to tire;
My antick knees can turn upon the hinges
Of Complement, and skrue a thousand cringes.

4

But when I come to Thee, my God that art
The royal Mine of everlasting treasure,
The real honour of my better part,
And living fountain of eternal pleasure,
How nerveless are my limbs! how faint and slow!
I have no wings to fly nor legs to go.

So

5

So when the ſtreams of ſwift-foot Rhene convey
Her upland riches to the Belgick ſhore,
The idle veſſel ſlides the wat'ry lay,
Without the blaſt or tug, of wind, or oar;
Her ſlipp'ry keel divides the ſilver foame
With eaſe; So facil is the way from home.

6

But when the home bound veſſel turns her ſails
Againſt the breaſt of the reſiſting ſtream,
O then ſhe ſlugs; nor ſail, nor oar prevails;
The ſtream is ſturdy, and her Tide's extream
Each ſtroke is loſs, and every tug is vain:
A Boat-lengths purchaſe is a league of pain.

7

Great all in all that art my reſt, my home;
My way is tedious and my ſteps are ſlow:
Reach forth thy helpful hand, or bid me come;
I am thy child, O teach thy child to go:
Conjoyn thy ſweet commands to my deſire,
And I will venture, though I fall or tire.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Ser. 15. de Verb. Apoſt.

Be alwaies diſpleaſed at what thou art, if thou deſireſt to attain to what thou art not: For where thou haſt pleaſed thy ſelf, there thou abideſt. But if thou ſayeſt, I have enough, thou periſheſt: Alwaies add, alwaies walk, alwaies proceed; neither ſtand ſtill, nor go back, nor deviate: He that ſtandeth ſtill proceedeth not; He goeth back, that continueth not; He deviateth, that revolteth; He goeth better that creepeth in his way, then he that runneth out of his way.

EPIG. 3.

Fear not, my Soul, to loſe for want of cunning;
Weep not; Heave'n is not alwaies got by running:
Thy thoughts are ſwift, although thy legs be ſlow;
True love will creep, not having ſtrength to go.

IV.

My flesh trembleth for feare of thee: & I am afraide of thy Iudgments. Ps. 119. 120.

IV.

PSALM 119. 120.

My flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgements.

Let others boast of luck, and go their wayes
With their fair game; know vengeance seldome playes
To be too forward, but doth wisely frame
Her backward Tables for an after-game:
Shee gives thee leave to venture many a blot;
And, for her own advantage, hits thee not;
But when her pointed Tables are made fair,
That she be ready for thee, then beware;
Then, if a necessary blot be set,
She hits thee; wins the Game; perchance the set:
If prosp'rous chances make thy casting high,
Be wisely temp'rate; cast a serious eye
On after-dangers, and keep back thy game;
Too forward seed-times make thy harvest lame:
If left-hand Fortune give thee left-hand chances,
Be wisely patient; let no envious glances
Repine to view thy gamesters heap so fair;
The hindmost hound takes oft the doubling Hare.
The Worlds great Dice are false; sometimes they goe
Extremely high, sometimes extremely low:
Of all her gamesters he that playes the least,
Lives most at ease, plays most secure and best:
The way to win, is to play fair, and swear
Thy self a servant to the Crown of fear:

Fear is the Primmer of a Gamesters skill:
Who fears not Bad stands most unarm'd to Ill:
The Ill that's wisely fear'd, is half withstood;
And fear of Bad is the best foyl to Good:
True Fear's th' *Elixar*, which in daies of old
Turn'd Leaden Crosses into Crowns of Gold:
The Worlds the Tables; Stakes, Eternal life;
The Gamesters, Heav'n and I; Unequal strife!
My Fortunes are my Dice, whereby I frame
My indispos'd Life: this Life's the Game;
My sins are sev'ral Blots; the Lookers on
Are Angels; and in death the Game is done:
Lord, I'm a Bungler, and my Game doth grow
Still more and more unshap'd; my Dice run low:
The Stakes are great; my careless Blots are many;
And yet thou passest by, and hit'st not any:
Thou art too strong; and I have none to guide me:
With the least jog; the lookers on deride me:
It is a Conquest undeserving Thee,
To win a Stake from such a Worm as me:
I have no more to lose; If we persever,
'Tis lost; and that once lost I'm lost for ever.
Lord, wink at faults, and be not too severe,
And I will play my Game with greater fear;
O give me Fear, ere Fear has past her date:
Whose blot being hit, then fears, fears then too late.

S. BERN.

S. BERN. Ser. 54. in Cant.

There is nothing ſo effectual to obtain Grace, to retain Grace, and to regain Grace, as alwaies to be found before God not over-wiſe, but to fear: Happy art thou if thy heart be repleniſhed with three feares; a fear for received Grace, a greater fear for loſt Grace, a greateſt fear to recover Grace.

S. AUGUST. ſuper Pſal.

Preſent fear begetteth Eternal ſecurity: Fear God, which is above all, and no need to fear man at all.

EPIG. 4.

Lord, ſhall we grumble when thy flames doſcourge us?
Our ſins breath fire; that fire returns to purge us.
Lord, what an Alchymiſt art thou, whoſe ſkill
Tranſmutes to perfect Good from perfect ill!

V.

Turne away myne eyes least they behold vanite. psal: 118.

V.

PSALM 119. 37.

Turn away mine eyes from regarding vanity.

1

How like the threds of flax
That touch the flame, are my inflam'd desires!
How like to yielding wax
My soul dissolve before these wanton fires!
The fire but touch'd, the flame but felt,
Like flax, I burn; like wax, I melt;

2

O how this flesh doth draw
My fetter'd soul to that deceitful fire!
And how the eternal Law
Is baffled by the law of my desire!
How truely bad, how seeming good
Are all the laws of flesh and blood!

3

O wretched state of men,
The height of whose ambition is to borrow
What must be paid again
With griping int'rest of the next dayes sorrow!
How wild his though s! How apt to range!
How apt to vary! Apt to change!

4

How intricate and nice
Is mans perplexed way to mans desire!
Sometimes upon the ice
He slips, and sometimes falls into the fire;
His progress is extream and bold,
Or very hot, or very cold.

5

The common food he doth
Sustain his soul-tormenting thoughts withall,
Is honey in his mouth
To night, and in his heart, to morrow gall;
'Tis oftentimes, within an hour,
Both very sweet and very sowre.

6

If sweet *Corinna* smile,
A Heav'n of joy breaks down into his heart:
Corinna frowns a while?
Hels torments are but copies of his smart:
Within a lustful heart doth dwell
A seeming Heave'n, a very Hell.

7

Thus worthless, vain, and void
Of comfort, are the fruits of earths employment,
Which ere they be enjoy'd
Distract us, and destroy us in th' enjoyment;
These be the pleasures that are priz'd
When Hea'vens cheap pen'worth stands despis'd.

8

Lord, quench these hastie flashes,
Which dart as lightning from the thund'ring skies,
And ev'ry minute dashes
Against the wanton windows of mine eyes:
Lord, close the casemet, whilst I stand
Behind the curtain of thy hand.

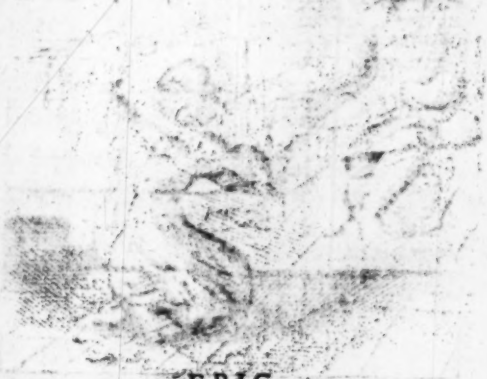
S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. cap. 4.

O thou Sun that illuminateth both Heaven and Earth! Wo be unto those eyes which do not behold thee: Wo be unto those blinde eyes which cannot behold thee: Wo be unto those which turn away their eyes that they will not behold thee: Wo be unto those that turn away their eyes that they may behold vanity.

S. CHRYS. sup. Mat. 19.

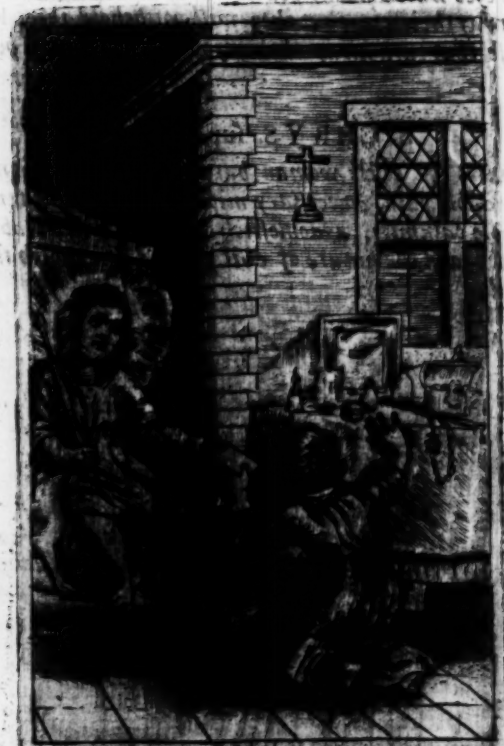
What is the evill woman but the enemy of friendship, an unavoidable pain, a necessary mischief, a natural tentation, a desirable calamity, a domestick danger, a delectable inconvenience, and the nature of evil painted over with the colour of good.



EPIG. 5.

'Tis vain, great God, to close mine eyes from ill,
When I resolve to keep the old man still;
My rambling heart must covenant first with thee,
Or none can pass betwixt mine eye and me.

VI.



If I have found favour in thy sight, let my life be given me at my petition. Esth. 7. 3.

VI.

ESTHER 7. 3.

If I have found favour on thy ſight, and if it pleaſe the King, let my life be given me at my petition.

THou art the Great *Aſſuerus*, whoſe command
Doth ſtretch from Pole to Pole; the world's thy land;
Rebellious *Vaſti*'s the corrupted will
Which being call'd, refuſes to fulfill
Thy juſt command: *Eſther*, whoſe tears condole
The razed City's the regen'rate Soul;
A captive maid, whom thou wilt pleaſe to grace
With nuptial Honours in ſtout *Vaſthi's* place:
Her kinſman, whoſe unbended knee did thwart
Proud *Haman's* glory, is the fleſhly part:
The ſober *Eunuch*, that recall'd to mind
The new built gibbet (*Haman* had divin'd
For his own ruin) fifty cubits high,
Is luſtful-thought-controlling chaſtity;
Inſulting *Haman* is that fleſhly luſt
Whoſe red-hot fury, for a ſeaſon, muſt
Triumph in pride, and ſtudy how to tread
On *Mordecay*, till royal *Eſther* plead.
Great King, my ſent-for *Vaſhti* will not come;
O let the oyl o'th bleſſed Virgins womb
Cleanſe my poor *Eſther*; look, O look upon her
With gracious eyes; and let thy Beam of honour
So ſeour her captive ſtains, that ſhe may prove
An holy Object of thy Heavenly love:

Anoint

Anoint her with the Spiknard of thy graces,
Then try the ſweetneſs of her chaſt embraces:
Make her the partner of thy nuptial bed,
And ſet thy Royal Crown upon her head:
If then ambitious *Haman* chance to ſpend
His ſpleen on *Mordecay*, that ſcorns to bend
The wilful ſtifneſs of his ſtubborn knee,
Or baſely crouch to any Lord but thee;
If weeping *Eſther* ſhould prefer a grone
Before the high tribunal Throne,
Hold forth thy Golden Scepter, and afford
The gentle audience of a gracious Lord:
And let thy Royal *Eſther* be poſſeſt
Of half thy Kingdom, at her dear requeſt:
Curb luſtful *Haman*; him that would diſgrace,
Nay, raviſh thy fair Queen before thy face:
And as proud *Haman* was himſelf enſnar'd
On that ſelf-gibbet, that himſelf prepar'd;
So nail my luſt, both puniſhment and guilt,
On that dear Croſs that mine own luſts have built.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. in Ep.

O holy ſpirit, always inſpire me with holy works. Conſtrain me, that I may do: Counſel me, that I may love thee; Confirm me, that I may hold thee; Conſerve me, that I may not loſe thee.

S. AUGUST. ſup. Joan.

The ſpirit luſts where the fleſh reſteth: For as the fleſh is nouriſhed with ſweet things, the Spirit refreſhed with ſowre.

Ibidem.

Wouldſt thou that thy fleſh obey thy ſpirit? Then let thy ſpirit obey thy God: Thou muſt be governed, that thou mayſt govern.

EPIG. 6.

Of Mercy and Juſtice is thy Kingdom built;
This plagues my ſin; and that removes my guilt;
When ere I ſue, *Aſuerus*-like decline
Thy Scepter; Lord, ſay, Half my Kingdome's thine.

VII.

Come my beloved, let us goe forth into the fields, let us remaine in the villages. Cant. 7. 11.

VI.

CANTICLES. 7. 11.

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the fields, and let us remain in the villages.

1

Christ. *Soul.*

Chr. COme, Come, my dear, and let us both retire
And whiff the dainties of the fragrant fields:
Where warbling *Philomel*, and the ſhrill mouth'd quire
Chaunt forth their raptures; where the Turtle builds
Her lovely neſt; and where the new born brier
Breaths forth the ſweetneſs that her *April* yields:
Come, come, my lovely fair, and let us trie
Theſe rural delicates; where thou and I
May melt in private flames, and fear no ſtander by.

2

Soul. My hearts eternal joy, in lieu of whom
The earth's a blaſt and all the world's a bubble;
Our City-manſion is the faireſt home,
But Country ſweets are tang'd with leſſer trouble:
Let's try them both, and chuſe the better; come;
A change in pleaſure, makes the pleaſure double:
On thy commands depends may go or tarry
I'll ſtir with *Martha*, or I'll ſtay with *Mary*:
Our hearts are firmly fixt, although her pleaſures vary.

Chr.

3

Chr. Our Countrey-manſion (ſituate on high)
With various Objects, ſtill renews delight;
Her arched roof's of unſtain'd Ivory:
Her wall's of fiery-ſparkling Chryſolite;
Her pavement is of hardeſt Porphyry;
Her ſpacious windows are all glaz'd with bright
And flaming Carbuncles; no need require
Titans faint rayes, or *Vulcan's* feeble fire;
And eve'ry Gate's a Pearl; and every Pearl, entire.

4

Soul. Fool that I was! how were my thoughts deceiv'd
How falſely was my fond conceit poſſeſt!
I took it for an Hermitage but pav'd
And daub'd with neighbr'ing dirt, & thacht at beſt;
Alas, I nev'r expected more, nor crav'd;
A Turtle hop'd but for a Turtles neſt:
Come, come, my dear, and let no idle ſtay
Neglect th' advantage of the head-ſtrong day;
How pleaſure grates that feels the curb of dull delay!

5

Chr. Come then, my Joy; let our divided paces
Conduct us to our faireſt territory;
O there we'll twine our ſouls in ſweet embraces;
Soul. And in thine arms I'll tell my paſſion-ſtory:
Chr. O there I'll crown thy head with all my graces;
Soul. And all thoſe graces ſhall reflect thy glory:
Chr. O there I'll feed thee with celeſtial *Manna*;
I'll be thy *Illana*. *Soul.* And I, thy *Hanna*.
C. I'll ſound my trump of joy. *S.* And I'll reſound *Hoſanna*.

S. BERN.

O bleſſed Contemplation! The death of vices, and the life of virtues! Thee, the Law and Prophets admire: Who ever attained perfection, if not by thee! O bleſſed Solitude, the Magazine of Celeſtial Treaſure! by thee things earthly, and tranſitory, are changed into Heavenly, and Eternal.

S. BERN. in Ep.

Happy is that houſe, and bleſſed is that Congregation, where Martha *ſtill complaineth of* Mary.

EPIG. 7.

Mechanick ſoul, thou muſt not only do
With *Martha*; but, with *Mary*, ponder too:
Happy's that houſe where theſe fair ſiſters vary;
But moſt, when *Martha's* reconcil'd to *Mary*.

VIII.

Draw me, we will run after thee because
of the savour of thy good ointments.
Cant: 1. 4.

VIII.

CANTICLES 1. 3.

Draw me; we will follow after thee by the ſavour of thy good Ointments.

THus, like a lump of the corrupted Maſs,
I lie ſecure, long loſt before I was:
And like a block, beneath whoſe burthen lies
That undiſcover'd worm that never dies.
I have no will to rouze, I have no power to riſe.

Can ſtinking *Laz'rus* compound or ſtrive
With deaths entangling fetters, and revive?
Or can the water-buried *Axe* implore
A hand to raiſe it, or it ſelf reſtore,
And from her ſandy deeps approach the dry-foot ſhore?

So hard's the task for ſinful fleſh and blood
To lend the ſmalleſt ſtep to what is good.
My God, I cannot move the leaſt degree.
Ah! If but only thoſe that active be,
None ſhould thy glory ſee, none ſhould thy glory ſee.

But if the Potter pleaſe t' inform the clay:
Or ſome ſtrong hand remove the block away:
Their lowly fortunes ſoon are mounted higher:
That proves a veſſel, which before was mire;
And this being hewn, may ſerve for better uſe than fire.

And if that life-reſtoring voice command
Dead *Laz'rus* forth; or that great *Prophets* hand
Should charm the ſullen waters, and begin
To becken, or to dart a ſtick but in,
Dead *Laz'rus* muſt revive, and th'*Axe* muſt float again.

Lord, as I am, I have no pow'r at all
To hear thy voice or Echo to thy call;
The gloomy Clouds of mine own guilt benight me;
Thy glorious beams, not dainty ſweets invite me;
They neither can direct; nor theſe at all delight me.

See how my ſin-bemangled body lies,
Nor having pow'r to will, nor will to riſe!
Shine home upon thy Creature, and inſpire
My liveleſs Will with thy regen'rate fire;
The firſt degree to do, is only to deſire.

Give me the pow'r to Will, the Will to do;
O raiſe me up, and I will ſtrive to go:
Draw me, O draw me with thy trebble twiſt,
That have no pow'r but meerly to reſiſt;
O lend me ſtrength to do, and then command thy liſt!

My Soul's a Clock, whoſe wheels (for want of uſe
And winding up, being ſubject to th'abuſe
Of eating ruſt) wants vigour to fulfill
Her twelve hours task, and ſhew her makers skill,
But idly ſleeps unmov'd, and ſtandeth vainly ſtill.

Great God, it is thy work; and therefore good.
If thou be pleas'd to cleanſe it with thy bloud,
And wind it up with thy ſoul-moving keyes,
Her buſie wheels ſhall ſerve thee all her dayes; (praiſe.
Her hand ſhall point thy pow'r, her hammer ſtrike thy

S. BERN.

S. BERN Serm. 21. in Cant.

Let us run, let us run, but in the ſavour of thy Ointment, not in the confidence of our merits, nor in the greatneſs of our ſtrength: we truſt to run. but in the multitude of thy mercies, for though we run and are willing, it is not in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in God that ſheweth mercy. O let thy mercy return, and we will run: Thou like a Gyant, runeſt by thy own power; we, unleſs thy Ointment breath upon us, cannot run.

EPIG. 8.

Look not, my Watch, being once repair'd to ſtand
Expecting motion from thy Maker's hand.
H'as wound thee up, and cleans'd thy Cogs with bloud:
If now thy wheels ſtand ſtill thou art not good.

IX.

O that thou wert as my Brother, that Sucked the Brests of my Mother. Cant. 8. 220.

IX.

CANTICLES. 8. 1.

O that thou wert as my Brother, that ſucked the breaſts of my mother; when I ſhould find thee without, I would kiſs thee.

1

COme, come, my bleſſed Infant, and immure thee
Within the temple of my ſacred arms;
Secure mine arms, mine arms ſhall then ſecure thee
From *Herod*'s fury, or the High-Prieſts harms:
Or if thy danger'd life ſuſtain a loſs,
My folded arms ſhall turn thy dying croſs.

2

But ah; what ſavage Tyrant can behold
The beauty of ſo ſweet a face, as this is,
And not himſelf be by himſelf controul'd,
And change his fury to a thouſand kiſſes?
One ſmile of thine is worth more Mines of treaſure
Than there be *Myriads* in the dayes of *Cæſar*.

3

O, had the *Tetrarch*, as he knew by birth,
So known thy ſtock, he had not ſought to paddle
In thy dear bloud; but proſtrate on the earth
Had vail'd his Crown before thy Royal Cradle,
And laid the Scepter of his glory down,
And begg'd a Heavenly for an Earthly Crown,

4

Illuſtrious Babe! how is thy handmaid grac'd
With a rich armful! how doſt thou decline.
Thy Majeſty, that wert ſo late embrac'd
In thy great Fathers arms, and now in mine!
How humbly gracious art thou, to refreſh
Me with thy Spirit, and aſſume my fleſh!

5

But muſt the treaſon of a traitour's *Hail*
Abuſe the ſweetneſs of theſe ruby lips?
Shall marble-hearted cruelty aſſail
Theſe Alabaſter-ſides with knotted whips?
And muſt theſe ſmiling Roſes entertain
The blows of ſcorn, and flurts of baſe diſdain?

6

Ah! muſt theſe dainty little ſprings that twine
So faſt about thy neck, be pierc'd and torn
With ragged nails? and muſt theſe brows reſign
Their Crown of Glory for a crown of thorn?
Ah, muſt this bleſſed infant taſte the pain
Of deaths injurious pangs; nay worſe, be ſlain?

7

Sweet Babe! At what dear rates do wretched I
Commit a ſin! Lord, ev'ry ſin's a dart;
And ev'ry treſpaſs lets a javelin flie;
And ev'ry javelin wounds thy bleeding heart:
Pardon ſweet Babe, what I have done amiſs;
And ſeal that granted pardon with a kiſs.

BONAVENT.

BONAVENT. Soliloqu. Chap 1.

O sweet Jesu, I knew not that thy kisses were so sweet, nor thy society so delectable, nor thy attraction so virtuous: For when I love thee, I am clean; when I touch thee, I am chaste; when I receive thee I am a Virgin: O most sweet Jesu, thy embraces defile not, but cleanse; thy attraction polluteth not but sanctifieth: O Jesu the fountain of universal sweetness, pardon me that I believed so late, that so much sweetness is in thy embraces.

EPIG. 9.

My burthen's greatest: let not *Atlas* boast:
Impartial Reader, judge which bears the most:
He bears but Heav'n, my folded arms sustain
Heav'ns maker, whom Heav'ns Heav'n cannot contain.

X.

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soule loveth: I sought him but I found him not.
Cant. 3. 1.

X.

CANTICLES 3. 1.

In my bed by night I ſought him that my ſoul loveth; I ſought him, but I found him not.

THe learned Cynick having loſt the way
To honeſt men, did in the height of day,
By Taper-light, divide his ſteps about
The peopled ſtreets to find this Dainty out;
But fail'd: The Cynick ſearch'd not where he ought:
The thing he ſought for, was not where he ſought.
The Wiſe-mens task ſeem'd harder to be done,
The Wiſe-men did by Star-light ſeek the Sun.
And found: the Wiſe-men ſearch'd it where they ought;
The thing he hop'd to find was where they ſought.
One ſeeks his wiſhes where he ſhould; but then
Perchance he ſeeks not as he ſhould; nor when.
Another ſearches when he ſhould; but there
He fails; not ſeeking as he ſhould, nor where:
Whoſe ſoul deſires the good it wants, and would
Obtain, muſt ſeek Where, As, and When he ſhould.
How often have my wild affections led
My waſted ſoul to this my widow'd bed,
To ſeek my lover, whom my ſoul deſires?
(I ſpeak not, *Cupid*, of thy wanton fires:
Thy fires are all but dying ſparks to mine;
My flames are full of Heav'n, and all Divine)
How often have I ſought this bed by night,
To find that greater by this leſſer light!

How

How oft have my unwitneſt groans lamented
Thy deareſt abſence! Alt, how often vented
The bitter tempeſts of deſpairing breath,
And toſt my ſoul upon the waves of death!
How often has my melting heart made choice
Of ſilent tears, (tears louder than a voice)
To plead my grief, and woe thy abſent ear!
And yet thou wilt not come, thou wilt not hear;
O is thy wanted love become ſo cold?
Or do mine eyes not ſeek thee where they ſhould!
Why do I ſeek thee, if thou art not here?
Or find thee not, if thou art ev'ry where?
I ſee my errour, it is not ſtrange I could not
Find out my love: I ſought him where I ſhould not
Thou art not found in downy beds of eaſe;
Alas, thy muſick ſtrikes on harder keyes:
Nor art thou found by that falſe feeble light
Of Natures candle, our Egyptian night
Is more than common darkneſs; nor can we
Expect a morning, but what breaks from thee.
Well may my empty bed bewail thy loſs,
When thou art lodg'd upon thy ſhameful croſs:
If thou refuſe to ſhare a bed with me,
We'l never part, I'l ſhare a croſs with thee.

ANSELM.

ANSELM. in Prorolog. 1.

Lord, if thou art not preſent, where ſhall I ſeek thee abſent If every where, why do I not ſee thee preſent? Thou dwelleſt in light inacceſſible; and where is that inacceſſible light? Or how ſhall I have acceſs to light inacceſſible? I beſeech thee Lord, teach me to ſeek thee, and ſhew thy ſelf to the ſeeker; becauſe I can neither ſeek thee, unleſs thou teach me, nor finde thee, unleſs thou ſhew thy ſelf to me: Let me ſeek thee, in deſiring thee, and deſire thee in ſeeking thee; Let me find thee in loving thee, and love thee in finding thee.

EPIG. 10.

Where ſhouldſt thou ſeek for reſt, but in thy bed?
But now thy reſt is gone, thy reſt is fled:
'Tis vain to ſeek him there: My ſoul be wiſe;
Go ask thy ſin's; they'll tell thee, where he lies.

XI.

I will rise now and goe about ye citie in ye Stretes and in ye broad ways I will seeke him whom my Soule loveth. etc: Cant: 3. 2. 228

XI.

CANTICLES 3. 2.

I will rise, and go about the City, and will seek him, that my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.

1

O How my disappointed soul's perplext!
How restless thoughts swarm in my troubled breſt
How vainly pleas'd with hopes, then crossely vext
With fears! And how betwixt them both distreſt!
What place is left unransack'd? Oh, where next
Shall I go seek the Authour of my reſt?
Of what bleſs'd Angel shall my lips enquire
The undiscover'd way to that entire
And everlasting solace of my hearts desire?

2

Look how the stricken Hart that wounded flies
Ov'r hills and dales, and seeks the lower grounds
For running streams, the whilst his weeping eyes
Beg silent mercy from the following Hounds;
At length, emboſt, he droops, drops down, and lies
Beneath the burthen of his bleeding wounds:
Ev'n so my gasping soul, dissolv'd in tears,
Doth search for thee, my God, whoſe deafned ears
Leave me th' unransom'd Pris'ner to my panick fears.

Where

3

Where have my buſie eyes not pry'd ? O where,
Of whom hath not my thred-bare tongue demanded?
I ſearch'd this glorious Ci·y ; he's not here :
I ſought the Country ; ſhe ſtands empty-handed ;
I ſearch'd the Court ; he is a ſtranger there:
I ask'd the land ; he's ſhipp'd : the ſea : he's landed :
I climb'd the air, my thoughts began t' aſpire ;
But ah ! the wings of my too bold deſire,
Soaring too near the Sun, were ſindg'd with ſacred fire,

4

I mov'd the Merchant's ear ; alas, but he
Knew, neither what I ſaid, nor what to ſay :
I ask'd the Lawyer he demands a fee,
And then demurrs me with a vain delay :
I ask'd the Schoolman : his advice was free,
But ſcor'd me out too intricate a way :
I ask'd the Watch-man (beſt of all the four)
Whoſe gentle anſwer could reſolve no more,
But that he lately left him at the Temple door.

5

Thus having ſought, and made my great inqueſt
In ev'ry place, and ſearch'd in ev'ry ear :
I threw me on my bed ; but ah ! my reſt
Was poiſon'd with th' extremes of grief and fear ;
Where looking down into my troubled breſt,
The Magazine of wounds, I found him there :
Let others hunt, and ſhew their ſportful Art ;
I wiſh to catch the Hare before ſhe ſtart,
As Potchers uſe to do; Heav'ns Form's a troubled heart.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS. lib. 3. de Virg.

Christ is not in the market, not in streets: For Christ is Peace, in the market are strifes: Christ is Justice, in the market is iniquity: Christ is a Labourer, in the market is idleness: Christ is Charity, in the market is slander: Christ is Faith, in the market is fraud: Let us not therefore seek Christ, where we cannot finde Christ.

S. HIERON. Ser. 9. Ep. 22 ad Eustoch.

Jesus is jealous: He will not have thy face seen: Let foolish Virgins ramble abroad, seek thou thy Love at home.

EPIG. 11.

What lost thy love? will neither bed nor board
Receive him? Not by tears to be implor'd?
It is the Ship that moves, and not the Coast;
I fear, I fear, my soul, 'tis thou art lost.

XII.

Saw ye him whom my Soule loveth? it was but a little yt I passed from them but I found him whom my soule loveth I held him &c: Cant: 3.4

XII.

CANTICLES 3. 3.

Have you ſeen him whom my Soul loveth? When I had paſt a little from them, then I found him, I took hold on him, and left him not.

1.

WHat ſecret corner? What unwonted way
Has ſcap'd the ranſack of my rambling thought?
The Fox by night, nor the dull Owl by day,
Have never ſearch'd thoſe places I have ſought,
Whilſt they lamented, abſence taught my breaſt
The ready road to grief, without requeſt;
My day had neither comfort, nor my night had reſt.

2.

How hath my unregarded language vented
The ſad tautologies of laviſh paſſion;
How often have I languiſh'd unlamented!
How oft have I complain'd, without compaſſion!
I aſk'd the City-watch, but ſome deny'd me
The common ſtreet, whilſt others would miſguide me,
Some would debar me; ſome, divert me; ſome, deride me.

3

Mark how the Widow'd Turtle, having loſt
The faithful partner of her loyal heart,
Stretches her feeble wings from coaſt to coaſt,
Haunts ev'ry path; thinks every ſhade doth part
Her abſent Love, and her; at length unſped,
She re-betakes her to her lonely bed,
And there bewails her everlaſting Widow-head.

4.

So, when my Soul had progreſt ev'ry place,
That love and dear affection could contrive,
I threw me on my couch, reſolv'd t' embrace
A death for him in whom I ceas'd to live:
But there injurious Hymen did preſent
His landskip joyes; my pickled eyes did vent
Full ſtreams of Briny tears, tears never to be ſpent.

5.

Whilſt thus my ſorrow-waſting ſoul was feeding
Upon the rad'cal humour of her thought,
Ev'n whilſt mine eyes were blind, and heart was bleeding
He that was ſought, unfound, was found, unſought.
As if the Sun ſhould dart his orbe of light
Into the ſecrets of the black-brow'd night:
Ev'n ſo appear'd my Love, my ſole, my ſouls delight.

6.

O how mine eyes now raviſh'd at the ſight
Of my bright Sun-ſhot flames of equal fire!
Ah! how my ſoul diſſolv'd with o'r-delight,
To re-enjoy the Crown of chaſt deſire!
How ſov'reign joy depos'd and diſpoſſeſt
Rebellious grief! And how my raviſh'd breaſt--
But who can preſs thoſe heights, that cannot be expreſt?

7.

O how theſe arms, theſe greedy arms did twine,
And ſtrongly twiſt about his yielding waſt!
The ſappy branches of the Theſpian Vine
Nev'r cling'd their leſs beloved Elm ſo faſt;
Be aſt not thy flames, blind boy, thy feather'd ſhot;
Let Hymens caſie ſnarles be quite forgot:
Time cannot quench our fires, nor death diſſolve our knot.

ORIG.

ORIG. Hom. 10. in diverſ.

O moſt holy Lord! and ſweeteſt Maſter, how good art thou to thoſe that are of upright heart, and humble ſpirit! O how bleſſed are they that ſeek thee with a ſimple heart! How happy that truſt in thee! It is a moſt certain truth, that thou loveſt all that love thee, and never forſakeſt thoſe that truſt in thee: For behold thy Love ſimply ſought thee, and undoubtedly found thee: Shee truſted in thee, and is not forſaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee, than ſhee expected from thee.

BEDA in cap. 3. Cant.

The longer I was in finding whom I ſought, the more earneſtly I held him being found.

EPIG. 12.

What? found him out? let ſtrong embraces bind him;
He'l flie perchance, where tears can never find him.
New ſins will loſe, what old repentance gains.
Wiſdom not only gets, but got retains.

XIII.

It is good for me to draw neare to the Lord, I have put my trust in my Lord God.
Psal: 72: 28

XIII.

PSALM 72. 28.

It is good for me to draw near to God; I have put my truſt in the Lord God.

WHere is that Good, which wiſe-men pleaſe to call
The chiefeſt? Doth there are any ſuch befall
Within mans reach? or is there ſuch a Good at all?

If ſuch there be, it neither muſt expire,
Nor change; than which there can be nothing higher:
Such good muſt be the utter point of man's deſire.

It is the Mark, to which all hearts muſt tend;
Can be deſired for no other end,
Than for it ſelf, on which all other Goods depend.

What may this Excellent be? doth it ſubſiſt
A real Eſſence clouded in the midſt
Of curious Art, or clear to ev'ry eye that liſt?

Or is't a tart Idea, to procure
An edge, and keep the practick ſoul in ure,
Like that dear Chymick duſt, or puzling Quadrature?

Where ſhall I ſeek this? Where ſhall I find
This Cath'lik pleaſure, whoſe extreams may bind
My thoughts? and fill the gulf of my inſatiate mind?

Lies it in Treaſure? In full heaps untold?
Doth gowty *Mammon*'s griping hand infold
This ſacred Saint in ſacred ſhrines of ſov'reign gold?

No, no; she lies not there; wealth often sours
In keeping; makes us hers, in seeming ours;
She slides from Heav'n indeed, but not in *Danae's* showrs.

Lives she in honour? no. The royal Crown
Builds up a creature, and then batters down:
Kings raise thee with a smile, and raze thee with a frown.

In pleasure? no. Pleasure begins in rage;
Acts the fools part on earth's uncertain stage;
Begins the play in youth, and Epilogues in age.

These, these are bastard goods; the best of these
Torment the soul with pleasing it, and please,
Like waters gulp'd in fevers with deceitful ease

Earths flatt'ring dainties are but sweet distresses:
Mole hills perform the mountains she professes,
Alas, can earth confer more good than earth possesses?

Mount, mount my soul, and let my thoughts cashier
Earths vain delights, and make the full carier
At Heav'ns eternal joyes; stop, stop, thy Courser there.

There shall thy soul possess uncareful treasure,
There shalt thou swim in never-fading pleasure:
And blaze in honour far above the frowns of *Cæsar*.

Lord, if my hope dare let her anchor fall
On thee, the chiefest Good, no need to call
For earths inferiour trash; Thou, thou art All in All.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST Soliloqu. cap. 13.

I follow this thing: I purſue that, but am filled with nothing. But when I found thee, who art that immutable, individed, and only good, in my ſelf, what I obtained, I wanted not; for what I obtained not, I grieved not; with what I was poſſeſt, my whole deſire was ſatisfied.

S. BERN. Ser. 9. ſup. beati qui habent, &c.

Let others pretend merit: let him brag of the burthen of the day: let him boaſt of his Sabbath faſts, and let him glory that he is not as other men: but for me, it is good to cleave unto the Lord, and to put my truſt in my Lord God.

EPIG. 13.

Let *Boreas* blaſts, and *Neptunes* waves be join'd,
Thy *Eolus* commands the waves, the wind:
Fear not the Rocks or Worlds imperious waves:
Thou climbſt a rock (my ſoul) a rock that ſaves.

XIV.

I sat vnder the shadow of him whom I have desired. Cant: 2.

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XIV.

CANTICLES 2, 3.

I ſat under his ſhadow with great delight: and his fruit was ſweet to my taſte.

1

LOok how the ſheep, whoſe rambling ſteps do ſtray
From the ſafe bleſſing of her Shepheards eyes,
Eftſoon becomes the unprotected prey
To the wing'd ſquadron of beleagring flies;
Where ſweltered with the ſcorching beams of day,
She frisks from buſh to brake, and wildly flies
From her own ſelf, ev'n of her ſelf afraid;
She ſhrouds her troubled brows in ev'ry glade,
And craves the mercy of the ſoft removing ſhade.

2

Ev'n ſo my wandring ſoul, that hath digreſt
From her great Shepherd, is the hourly prey
Of all my ſins. Theſe vultures in my breaſt
Gripe my Promethean heart both night and day
I hunt from place to place, but find no reſt;
I know not where to go, nor where to ſtay:
The eye of vengeance burns, her flames invade
My ſwelt'ring ſoul: My ſoul hath oft aſſaid,
But ſhe can find no ſhroud, but ſhe can feel no ſhade.

3

I ſought the ſhades of Mirth, to wear away
My ſlow pac'd hours of ſoul conſuming grief;
I ſearch'd the ſhades of ſleep, to eaſe my day
Of griping ſorrows with a nights repriefe
I ſought the ſhades of death: thought there t' allay
My final torments with a full relief:
But mirth, nor ſleep, nor death, can hide my hours
In the falſe ſhades of their deceitful bowrs;
The firſt diſtracts, the next diſturbs, the laſt devours.

4

Where ſhall I turn? To whom ſhall I apply me?
Are there no ſtreams where a faint Soul may wade?
Thy God-head, Jeſus, are the flames that fry me;
Hath thy All-glorious Deity never a ſhade,
Where I may ſit and vengeance never eye me,
Where I might ſit refreſh'd or unafraid?
Is there no comfort? Is there no refection?
Is there no cover that will give protection
T' a fainting ſoul, the ſubject of thy wraths reflexion?

5

Look up, my ſoul, advance the lowly ſtature
Of thy ſad thoughts; advance thy humble eye:
See, here's a ſhadow found: The humane nature
Is made th' Umbella to the Diety,
To catch the Sun-beams of thy juſt Creator:
Beneath this covert thou maiſt ſafely lie:
Permit thine eyes to climb this fruitful tree,
As quick *Zacheus* did, and thou ſhalt ſee
A cloud of dying fleſh betwixt thoſe beams and thee.

GUIL.

GUIL. in cap. 2. Cant.

Who can endure the fierce rayes of the Sun of Juſtice? Who ſhall not be conſumed by his beams? Therefore the Sun of Juſtice took fleſh, that through the conjunction of that Sun and this humane body a ſhadow may be made.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 37.

Lord, let my ſoul flee from the ſcorching thoughts of the world under the covert of thy wings, that being refreſhed by the moderation of thy ſhadow, ſhe may ſing merrily, In peace will I lay me down and reſt.

EPIG. 14.

Ah, treach'rous Soul, would no thy pleaſures give
That Lord, which made the living, leave to live?
See what thy ſins have done: thy ſins have made
The Sun of Glory now become thy ſhade.

XV.

How shall we sing the song of the Lord in a strange Land. 244.

XV.

PSALM 137. 4.

How ſhall we ſing a ſong of the Lord in a ſtrange land?

URge me no more: this airy mirth belongs
To better times: theſe times are not for ſongs.
The ſprightly twang of the melodious Lute
Agrees not with my voice: and both unſute
My untun'd fortunes: the affected meaſure
Of ſtrains, that are conſtrain'd, afford no pleaſure.
Muſick's the Child of Mirth; where griefs aſſail
The troubled ſoul, both voice, and fingers fail:
Let ſuch as ravell out their laviſh dayes
In honourable riot; that can raiſe
Dejected hearts, and conjure up a ſp'rit
Of madneſs by the Magick of delight;
Let thoſe of *Cupids* Hoſpital, that lie
Impatient Patients to a ſmiling eye,
That cannot reſt, until vain hope beguile
Their flatter'd torment with a wanton ſmile;
Let ſuch redeem their peace, and ſalve the wrongs
Of froward Fortune with their frolick ſongs:
My grief, my grief's too great for ſmiling eyes
To cure, or counter-charms to exorcize.
The Ravens diſmal croaks, the midnight howls
Of empty Wolves mixt with the ſcreech of Owls,
The nine ſad knolls of a dull paſſing Bell
With the loud language of a nightly knell,

And

And horrid out-cries of revenged crimes,
Join'd in a medley's muſick for theſe times;
Theſe are no times to touch the merry ſtring
Of *Orpheus*; no, theſe are no times to ſing
Can hide-bound Pris'ners, that have ſpent their ſouls,
And famiſh'd bodies in the noiſome holes
Of hell-black dungeons, apt their rougher throats,
Grown hoarſe with begging alms, to warble notes?
Can the ſad Pilgrim, that hath loſt his way
In the vaſt deſart; there condemn'd a prey
To the wild ſubject, or his ſavage King,
Rouze up his palſie ſmitten ſpirits, and ſing?
Can I a Pilgrim, and a Pris'ner too,
(Alas) where I am neither known, nor know
Ought but my torments, an unranſom'd ſtranger
In this ſtrange climate, in a land of danger?
O, can my voice be pleaſant or my hand,
Thus made a Pris'ner to a forein land?
How can my muſick reliſh in your ears,
That cannot ſpeak for ſobs, nor ſing for tears?
Ah, if my voice could, *Orpheus*-like, unſpell
My poor *Eurydice*, my ſoul, from hell
Of earths miſconſtru'd Heaven, O then my breaſt
Should warble airs, w oſe rhapſodies ſhould feaſt
The ears of Seraphims, and entertain
Heav'ns higheſt Deity with their lofty ſtrain,
A ſtrain well drench'd in the true Theſpian Well,
Till then, earths Semiquaver, mirth, farewel.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 33.

O infinitely happy are those heavenly virtues which are able to praise thee in holiness and purity, with excessive sweetness and inutterable exultation! From thence they praise thee, from whence they rejoice, because they continually see for what they rejoice, for what they praise thee: But we prest down with this burthen of flesh, far removed from thy countenance in this pilgrimage, and blown up with worldly vanities, cannot worthily praise thee: We praise thee by faith; not face to face: but those Angelical spirits praise thee face to face, and not by faith

EPIG. 15.

Did I refuse to sing? said I these times
Were not for songs? nor musick for these climes?
It was my errour: are not groans and tears
Harmonious raptures in th' Almighty's ears?

XVI.

I charge you, o ye daughters of Ierusalem, if ye finde my beloved, that you tell him, I am sicke of love. Cant: 5. 8.

THE FIFTH BOOK

I.

CANTICLES 5. 8.

I charge you, O daughters of Jeruſalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him that I am ſick of love.

1

You holy Virgins, that ſo oft ſurround
The cities Saphire walls, whoſe ſnowy feet
Meaſure the pearly paths of ſacred ground
And trace the new Jerus'lems Jaſper ſtreet;
Ah, you whoſe care forſaken hearts are crown'd
With your beſt wiſhes; that enjoy the ſweet
Of all your hopes; If e're you chance to ſpie
My abſent Love, O tell him that I lie
Deep wounded with the flames that furnac'd from his eye.

2

I charge you, Virgins, as you hope to hear
The heav'nly muſick of your Lovers voice;
I charge you by the ſolemn faith you bear
To plighted vows, and to that loyal choice
Of your affections, or, if ought more dear
You hold; by Hymen, by your marriage joyes,
I charge you tell him, that a flaming dart,
Shot from his eye hath pierc'd my bleeding heart;
And I am ſick of love, and languiſh in my ſmart.

3

Tell him, O tell him, how my panting breaſt
Is ſcorch'd with flames and how my ſoul is pin'd;
Tell him, O tell him, how I lie oppreſt
With the full torments of a troubled mind;
O tell him, tell him, that he loves in jeſt,
But I in earneſt; tell him he's unkind:
But if a diſcontented frown appears
Upon his angry brow, accoſt his ears.
With ſoft and fewer words, and act the reſt in tears.

4

O tell him, that his cruelties deprive
My ſoul of peace, while peace in vain ſhe ſeeks;
Tell him thoſe damask roſes, that did ſtrive
With white, both fade, upon my ſallow cheeks;
Tell him, no token doth proclaim I live,
But tears, and ſighs, and ſobs, and ſudden ſhrieks;
Thus if your piercing words ſhould chance to bore
His hearkning ear, and move a ſigh, give ore
To ſpeak; and tell him--Tell him, that I could no more.

5

If your elegious breath ſhould hap to rouze
A happy tear, cloſe harb'ring in his eye,
Then urge his plighted faith, the ſacred vows,
Which neither I can break, nor he deny;
Bewail the torments of his loyal Spouſe,
That for his ſake would make a ſport to die:
O bleſſed Virgins how my paſſion tires
Beneath the burthen of her fond deſires!
Heav'n never ſhot ſuch flames, earth never felt ſuch fires!

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 40.

What ſhall I ſay? What ſhall I do? Whither ſhall I go? Where ſhall I ſeek him? Or when ſhall I find him? Whom ſhall I aſk? Who will tell my beloved that I am ſick of Love?

GULIEL. in cap. 5. Cant.

I live, but not I: it is my beloved that liveth in me: I love my ſelf, not with my own love, but with the love of my beloved that loveth me: I love not my ſelf in my ſelf, but my ſelf in in him, and him in me.

EPIG. 1.

Grieve not (my ſoul) nor let thy love wax faint,
Weep'ſt thou to loſe the cauſe of thy complaint?
He'll come; Love ne'r was bound to times nor laws:
Till then thy tears complain without a cauſe.

II.

I am my beloveds, & his Desire is towards mee. Cant: 7. 10. W: Simpson fe.

V.

CANTICLES 2. 5.

Stay me with flowers, and comfort me with Apples, for I am ſick with love.

1

O Tyrant Love! how doth thy ſov'reign pow'r
Subject poor ſouls to thy imperious thrall!
They ſay, thy cup's compos'd of ſweet and ſower;
They ſay, thy diet's honey mixt with gall;
How comes it then to paſs, theſe lips of ours
Still trade in bitter; taſt no ſweet at all?
O Tyrant love! Shall our perpetual toil
Ne'r finde a Sabbath to refreſh a while
Our drooping ſouls? Art thou all frowns, and ne'r a ſmile

2

You bleſſed Maids of Honour that frequent
The royal courts of our renown'd Jehove,
With flow'rs reſtore my ſpirits faint and ſpent;
O fetch me Apples from Loves fruitful grove,
To cool my palate, and renew my ſent,
For I am ſick, for I am ſick of love:
Theſe will revive my dry, my waſted powr's,
And they will ſweten my unſav'ry hours;
Refreſh me then with fruit, and comfort me with flow'rs.

3

O bring me apples to aſſwage that fire,
which Ætna-like inflames my flaming breaſt;
Nor is it every Aple I deſire.
Nor that which pleaſes every palate beſt:
'Tis not the laſting Deuzan I require,
Nor yet the red-cheek'd Queening I requeſt;
Nor that which firſt beſhrewd'd the name of wife;
Nor that whoſe beauty caus'd the golden ſtrife;
No, no, bring me an apple from the tree of life.

4

Virgins, tuck up your ſilken laps, and fill ye
With the fair wealth of *Flora's* Magazine;
The purple Violet and the pale-fac'd Lilly?
The Pancy and the Organ Columbine;
The flowring Thyme, the Guilt-bowll Daffadilly;
The lowly pink, the lofty Eglantine:
The bluſhing Roſe, the queen of flowers, and beſt
Of *Flora's* beautie; but above the reſt,
Let *Jeſſes* ſovereign flower perfume my qualming breaſt.

5

Haſte, Virgins, haſte, for I lie weak and faint,
Beneath the pangs of love; why ſtand ye mute,
As if your ſilence neither car'd to grant;
Nor yet your language to deny my ſuit?
No key can lock the door of my complaint,
Until I ſmell this flower, or taſt that fruit;
Go, Virgins, ſeek this tree, and ſearch that bow'r;
O, how my ſoul ſhall bleſs that happy hour,
That brings to me ſuch fruit, that brings me ſuch a flower.

GISTEN.

GISTEN. in cap. 2. Cant. Expoſ. 3.

O happy ſickneſs, where the infirmity is not to death, but to life, that God may be glorified by it! O happy fever, that proceedeth not from a conſuming, but a calcining fire! O happy diſtemper, wherein the ſoul reliſheth no earthly things, but onely ſavoureth divine nouriſhment!

S. BERN. Serm. 51. in Cant.

By flowers underſtand faith; by fruit, good works: As the flower or bloſſome is before the fruit, ſo is faith before good works: So neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without faith.

EPIG. 2.

Why Apples, O my ſoul? Can they remove
The pangs of grief, or eaſe the flames of love?
It was that fruit which gave the firſt offence;
That ſent him hither; that removed him hence;

III.

My beloued is mine and I am his, hee feedeth among the Lillies. Cant: 2. 16.

III.

CANTICLES 2. 16.

My beloved is mine, and I am his; He feedeth among the Lillies.

1

Ev'n like two little bank-dividing brooks,
That waſh the pebbles with their wanton ſtreams,
And having rang'd and ſearch'd a thouſand nooks,
Meet both at length in ſilver-breaſted Thames,
Where in a greater current they conjoyn:
So I my beſt-beloveds am? ſo he is mine.

2

Eve'n ſo we met; and after long purſuit,
Ev'n ſo we joyn'd; we both became entire;
No need for either to renew a ſuit,
For I was flax and he was flames of fire:
Our firm united ſouls did more then twine;
So I my beſt-beloveds am; ſo he is mine.

3

If all thoſe glitt'ring Monarchs that command
The ſervile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender, in exchange, their ſhares of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all:
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin;
The World's but theirs; but my beloved's mine.

Nay

4

Nay more: if the fair Theſpian Ladies all
Should heap together their diviner treaſure:
That treaſure ſhould be deem'd a price too ſmall
To buy a minutes leaſe of half my pleaſure
'Tis not the ſacred wealth of all the nine
Can buy my heart from him, or his, from being mine.

5

Nor Time, nor Place, nor Chance, nor Death can bow
My leaſt deſires unto the leaſt remove;
He's firmly mine by oath; I his by vow;
He's mine by faith; and I am his by love;
He's mine by water; I am his by wine:
Thus I my beſt-beloved's am; thus he is mine.

6

He is my Altar; I, his holy Place;
I am his gueſt; and he, my living food;
I'm his by penitence; he mine by grace;
I'm his by purchaſe; he is mine by blood
He's my ſupporting elm; and I his vine:
Thus I my beſt-beloveds am; thus he is mine.

7

He gives me wealth, I give him all my vows:
I give him ſongs; he gives me length of dayes:
With wreaths of Grace he crowns my conqu'ring brows;
And I his Temples with a crown of Praiſe,
Which he accepts as an ev'rlaſting ſign,
That I my beſt beloveds am; that he is mine.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Manu. cap. 24.

O my ſoul ſtampt with the image of thy God, love him of whom thou art ſo much beloved: bend to him that boweth to thee, ſeek him that ſeeketh thee: Love thy lover, by whoſe love thou art prevented, being the cauſe of thy love: be careful with thoſe that are careful, want with thoſe that want; be clean with the clean, and holy with the holy: chooſe this friend above all friends, who when all are taken away remaineth onely faithful to thee: In the day of burial, when all leave thee, he will not deceive thee, but defend thee from the roaring Lions prepared for their prey.

EPIG. 3.

Sing, Hymen, to my ſoul: What? loſt and found?
Welcom'd, eſpous'd, enjoy'd ſo ſoon, and crown'd!
He did but climbe the Croſs, and then came down
To th' gates of Hell; triumph'd, and fetch'd a Crown:

IV.

Stay me with Flowers; Comfort mee with Apples, for I am sick of loue. Cant. 2. 5.

IV.

CANTICLES 7. 10.

I am my Beloveds, and his desire is towards me.

1

Like to the Artick needle, that doth guide
The wand'ring shade by his magnetick pow'r,
And leaves his silken Gnomon to decide
The question of the controverted hour,
First franticks up and down, from side to side
And restless beats his crystal'd Iv'ry case,
With vain impatience; jets from place to place,
And seeks the bosome of his frozen birde,
At length he slacks his motion, and doth rest
His trembling point at his bright Poles beloved brest.

2

Ev'n so my soul, being hurried here and there,
By ev'ry object that presents delight,
Fain would be setled, but she knows not where;
She likes at morning what she loaths at night,
She bows to honour; then she lends an eare.
To that sweet Swan-like voice of dying pleasure,
Then tumbles in the scatter'd heaps of treasure;
Now flatter'd with false hope; now foyl'd with fear:
Thus finding all the worlds delights to be
But empty toyes, good God, she points alone to thee.

But

3

But hath the virtued Steel a power to move?
Or can the untouch'd needle point aright;
Or can my wandring thoughts forbear to rove,
Unguided by the virtue of thy sp'rit?
O hath my leaden soul the art t' improve
Her wasted talent, and unrais'd, aspire.
In this sad moulting time of her desire?
Not first belov'd have I the power to love?
I cannot stir, but as thou please to move me,
Nor can my heart return thee love, untill thou love me.

4

The still Commanderess of the silent night
Borrows her beams from her bright brothers eye;
His fair aspect fills her sharp horns with light,
If he withdraw her flames are quench'd and die:
Even so the beams of her enlightning sp'rit
Infus'd and shot into my dark desire,
Inflame my thoughts, and fill my soul with fire;
That I am ravish'd with a new delight;
But if thou shrowd thy face, glory fades.
And I remain a *Nothing*, all compos'd of shades.

5

Eternal God! O thou that only art,
The sacred Fountain of eternal light,
And blessed Load-stone of my better part,
O thou my hearts desire, my souls delight,
Reflect upon my soul, and touch my heart,
And then my heart shall prize no good above thee;
And then my soul shall know thee; knowing, love thee;
And then my trembling thoughts shall never start
From thy commands, or swerve the least degree,
Or once presume to move, but as they move in thee.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 25.

If Man can love man with ſo entire affection, that the one can ſcare brook the others abſence? if a Bride can be joyned to her Bride-groom with ſo great an ardency of mind, that for the extremity of love ſhe can enjoy no reſt, not ſuffering his abſence without great anxiety, with what affection, with what fervency ought the ſoul whom thou haſt eſpouſed by faith and compaſſion, to love thee her true God and glorious Bride-groom?

EPIG. 1.

My ſoul, thy love is dear: 'Twas thought a good
And eaſie pen'worth of thy Saviours blood:
But be not proud; All matters rightly ſcann'd,
'Twas over-bought: 'Twas ſold at ſecond hand.

V.

My Soule melted, when my beloved spake. Cant: 5. 6.

Will: Simpson sculp.

V.

CANTICLES. 5. 6.

My Soul melted whil'st my Beloved spake.

LOrd, has the feeble voice of flesh and blood
The power to work thine ears into a flood
Of melted mercy? or the strength t'unlock
The gates of Heav'n, and to dissolve a rock
Of marble clouds into a morning show'r?
Or hath the breath of wining dust the pow'r
To stop or snatch a falling thunder bolt.
From thy fierce hand, and make thy hand revolt
From resolute confusion, and in stead
Of viols pour full blessings on our head?
Or shall the wants of famish'd Ravens cry,
And move thy mercy to a quick supply?
Or shall the silent suits of drooping flow'rs
Woo thee for drops, and be refresh'd with show'rs?
Alas, what marvel them, great God what wonder
If thy hell-rouzing voice, that splits in sunder
The brazen portals of eternal death;
What number if that life-restoring breath
Which dragg'd me from the infernal shades of night,
Should melt my ravish'd soul with ore-delight?
O can my frozen gutturs choose but run,
That feel the warmth of such a glorious Sun?
Methinks his language like a flaming arrow.
Doth pierce my bones, and melts their wounded marrow,

Thy flames, O *Cupid* (though the joyful heart
Feels neither tang of grief, nor fears the ſmart
Of jealous doubts, but drunk with full deſires)
Are torments, weigh'd with theſe celeſtial fires;
Pleaſures that raviſh in ſo high a meaſure,
That O I languiſh in exceſſe of pleaſure:
What raviſh'd heart, that feels theſe melting joyes,
Would not deſpiſe and loath the treach'rous toyes
Of dunghill earth? What ſoul would not be proud
Of wry-mouth'd ſcorns, the worſt that fleſh and blood
Had rancor to deviſe? Who would not bear
The worlds deriſion with a thankful ear?
What palat would refuſe full bowls of ſpight,
To gain a minutes taſte of ſuch delight?
Great ſpring of light in whom there is no ſhade
But what my interpoſed ſins have made.
Whoſe narrow melting fires admit no ſcreen
But what my own rebellions put between
Their precious flames and my obdurate ear?
Deſperſe this plague diſtilling clouds, and clear
My mungy ſoul into a glorious day;
Tranſplant this ſcreen, remove this bar away,
Then, then my fluent ſoul ſhall feel the fires
Of thy ſweet voice, and my diſſolv'd deſires
Shall turn a ſov'reign balſome, to make whole
Thoſe wounds my ſins inflicted on thy ſoul.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. cap. 34.

What fire is this that ſo warmeth my heart! What light is this that ſo enlightneth my ſoul! O fire, that alwayes burneſt, and never goeſt out, kindle me: O light, which ever ſhineſt, and art never darkned, illuminate me: O that I had my heat from thee, moſt holy fire! How ſweetly doſt thou burn? How ſecretly doſt thou ſhine! How deſiderably doſt thou inflame me!

BONAVENT. Stim. amoris cap. 8.

It maketh God man, and man God; things temporal, eternal; mortal, immortal; it maketh an enemy a friend; a ſervant, a ſon; vile things, glorious; cold hearts, fiery; and hard things, liquid.

EPIG. 5.

My ſoul thy gold is true, but full of droſſe;
Thy Saviours breath refines thee with ſome loſſe:
His gentle furnace makes thee pure as true;
Thou muſt be melted ere th' art caſt anew.

VI.

Whom haue I in heaven but thee, or what desire I on earth in respect of thee. Ps: 125 73

W. S. sc:

VI.

PSALM. 73. 25.

Whom have I in Heaven but thee? and what desire I on earth in respect of thee?

1

I Love (and have some cause to love:) the earth:
She is my Makers creature; therefore good:
She is my Mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender Nurse; she gives me food;
But what's a Creature, Lord compar'd with thee?
Or what's my Mother' or my Nurse to me?

2

I love the Air: her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouth'd quire sustain me with their flesh,
And with their Polyphonian notes delight me:
But what's the Air or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withall, compar'd to thee?

3

I love the Sea: She is my fellow-Creature,
My careful perveyour; she provides me store:
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a forreign shore:
But Lord of Oceans, when compar'd with thee,
What is the Ocean, or her wealth to me,

To heav'ns high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
Mine eye, by contemplations great atturney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the skie:
But what is Heav'n, great God compar'd to Thee?
Without thy presence Heav'n's no Heav'n to me.

5

Without thy presence Earth gives no refection?
Without thy presence Sea affords no treasure?
Without thy presence Air's a rank infection;
Without thy presence Heav'n it self 's no pleasure:
If not possess'd if not enjoy'd in thee,
What's Earth, or Sea, or Air, or Heav'n to me?

6

The highest honour, that the World can boast,
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are (at most)
But dying sparkles of thy living fire:
The proudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly Glow-worms if compar'd to thee.

7

Without thy presence, Wealth are bags of cares;
Wisdom, but folly; Joy, disquiet sadnesse:
Friendship is treason, and Delights are snares;
Pleasures but pain, and Mirth but pleasing madnesse:
Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have they being, When compar'd with thee.

8

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Not having thee, what have my labours got?
Let me enjoy but thee, what farther crave I?
And having thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor Sea, nor Land; nor would I be
Possest of Heav'n, Heav'n unpossest of thee.

BONAV.

BONAVENT. Soliloqu. Cap. 1.

Alas, my God, now I underſtand (but bluſh to confeſs) that the beauty of thy Creatures hath deceived mine eys, and I have not obſerved that thou art more amiable then all thy Creatures; to which thou haſt communicated but one drop of thy ineſtimable beauty: for who hath adorned the Heavens with ſtars? Who hath ſtored the air with fowl, the waters with fiſh, the earth with plants and flowers? But what are all theſe but a ſmall ſpark of divine beauty.

S. CHRYS. Hom. 5. in Ep. ad Rom.

In having nothing I have all things, becauſe I have Chriſt; Having therefore all things in him, I ſeek no other reward, for he is the univerſal reward.

EPIG. 6.

Who would not throw his better thoughts about him,
And ſcorn this droſſe within him; that without him?
Caſt up (my ſoul) thy clearer eye; Behold,
If thou be fully melted, there's the mold.

VII.

Woe is me that am constrained to dwell with Mesech: and to have my habitation among the tents of Cedar. Psal. 120. 5.

VII.

PSALM. 120. 5.

Woe is to me, that I remain in Meſheck, and dwell in the tents of Kedar!

IS Natures courſe diſſolv'd? doth Times glaſſe ſtand?
Or hath ſome frolick heart ſet back the hand
Of Fates perpetual Clock? will't never ſtrike?
Is crazy Time grown lazy, faint or ſick,
With very Age? or hath that great Pair-royal
Of Adamantine ſiſters late made trial
Of ſome new trade? ſhall mortal hearts grow old
In ſorrow? ſhall my weary arms infold,
And underprop my panting ſides for ever?
Is there no charitable hand will ſever
My well-ſprung thred, that my impriſon'd ſoul
May be deliver'd from this dull dark hole
Of dungeon fleſh? O ſhall I, ſhall I never
Be ranſom'd, but remain a ſlave for ever?
It is the lot of man but once to die,
But e're that death, how many deaths have I?
What humane madneſs makes the world afraid
To entertain heaven's joy, becauſe convey'd
By th' hand of death? will nakedneſs refuſe
Rich change of Robes, becauſe the man's not ſpruſe
That brought them? or will poverty ſend back
Full bags of gold, becauſe the bringer's black?
Life is a bubble, blown with whining breaths,
Fill'd with the torment of a thouſand deaths;

Which

Which being prick'd by death (while death deprives
One life) presents the soul a thousand lives:
O frantick mortal, how hath earth bewitch'd
Thy Bedlum soul, which hath so fondly pitch'd
Upon her false delights! Delights that cease
Before enjoyment finds a time to please:
Her fickle joyes breed doubtful fears; her fears
Bring hopeful griefs; her griefs weeps fearful tears!
Tears coyn deceitful hopes; hopes careful doubt,
And surly passion justles passion out:
To day we pamper with a full repast
Of lavish mirth, at night we weep as fast:
To night we swim in wealth, and lend; to morrow,
We sink in want, and find no friend to borrow,
In what a climate doth my soul reside!
Where palefac'd murther, the first born of pride,
Sets up her kingdome in the very smiles,
And plighted faiths of men like Crocodiles;
A land, where each embroyd'red satrin word
Is lin'd with fraud; where *Mars* his lawless sword
Exiles *Astræa*'s balance; where that hand
Now slayes his brother, that new sow'd his land;
O that my dayes of bondage would expire
In this lewd soyl! Lord, how my soul's on fire
To be dissolv'd, that I might once obtain
These long'd for joyes, long'd for so oft in vain!
If *Moses* like I may not live possest
Of his fair land; Lord, let me see't at least.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 12.

My life is a frail life; a corruptible life; a life, which the more it increaſeth, the more it decreaſeth: The farther it goeth, the nearer it cometh to death. A deceitful life, and like a ſhadow full of the ſnares of death: Now I rejoice, now I languiſh, now I flouriſh, now infirm, now I live, and ſtraight I die; now I ſeem happy, always miſerable; now I laugh, now I weep: Thus all things are ſubject to mutability, that nothing continueth an hour in one eſtate: O joy above joy, exceeding all joy without which there is no joy, when ſhall I enter into thee, that I may ſee my God that dwelleth in thee?

EPIG. 7.

Art thou ſo weak? O canſt thou not digeſt
An hour of travel for an night of reſt?
Chear up my ſoul: call home thy ſp'rits, and bear
One bad good-friday, full mouth'd Eaſter's near.

VIII.

O wretched Man that I am who shall deliver me from the body of this death Rom: 7. 24.

VIII.

ROMANS 7. 24.

O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

BEhold thy darling, which thy luſtful care
Pampers for which thy reſtleſs thoughts prepare
Such early cates: for whom thy bubbling brow
So often ſweats, and bankrupt eyes do ow
Such midnight ſcores to nature, for whoſe ſake
Baſe earth is ſainted, the infernal lake
Unfeard, the Crown of glory poorly rated:
Thy God neglected, and thy Brother hated:
Behold thy darling, whom thy ſoul affects
So dearly; whom thy fond indulgence decks
And puppets up in ſoft, in ſilken weeds:
Behold thy darling, whom thy fondneſſe feeds
With far-fetch'd delicates, the dear bought gains
Of ill-ſpent time, the price of halfe thy pains:
Behold thy darling, who, when clad by thee,
Derides thy nakedneſs; and when moſt free,
Proclaims her lover ſlave; and being fed
Moſt full, then ſtrikes th' indulgent feeder dead.
What mean'ſt thou thus, my poor deluded ſoul,
To love ſo fondly? Can the burning cole
Of thy affection laſt without the fuel
Of counter-love? Is thy compeer ſo cruel,
And thou ſo kind, to love unlov'd again!
Canſt thou ſow favours, and thus reap diſdain?

Remember,

Remember, O remember, thou art born
Of royal bloud; remember thou art ſworn
A Maid of Honour in the Court of Heaven;
Remember what a coſtly price was given
To ranſome thee from ſlav'ry thou wert in;
And wilt thou now, my ſoul, turn ſlave again;
The Son and Heir to Heav'n's Tri-une JEHOVE
Would fain become a ſuter for thy love,
And offers for thy dow'r his fathers Throne,
To ſit for Seraphims to gaze upon;
He'l give thee Honour, Pleaſure, Wealth, and Things
Tranſcending far the Majeſty of Kings:
And wilt thou proſtrate to the odious charms
Of this baſe ſcullion? ſhall his hollow arms
Hug thy ſoft ſides? ſhall theſe courſe hands untie
The ſacred Zone of thy virginity?
For ſhame degen'rous ſoul, let thy deſire
Be quickned up with more heroick fire;
Be wiſely proud let thy ambitious eye
Read nobler objects; let thy thoughts defie
Such am'rous baſeneſſe; let thy ſoul diſdain
Th' ignoble profers of ſo baſe a ſwain;
Or if thy vows be paſt, and Hymens bands
Have ceremonied your unequal hands,
Annul, at leaſt avoid, thy lawleſs act
With inſufficiency, or percontract:
Or if the act be good, yet maiſt thou plead
A ſecond freedome; or the fleſh is dead.

NAZIANZ.

NAZIANZ. Orat. 16.

How I am joyn'd to this body I know not; which when it is healthful, provoketh me to war, and being damaged by war, affecteth me with grief; which I both love as a fellow-servant, and hate as an utter enemy: It is a pleasant foe, and a perfidious friend O strange conjunction and alienation: What I fear I embrace, and what I love I am afraid of? before I make war, I am reconciled; before I enjoy peace I am at variance.

EPIG. 8

What need that house be dawb'd with flesh and blood?
Hang'd round with silks and gold? repair'd with food?
Cost idly spent! That cost doth but prolong
Thy thraldome. Fool, thou mak'st thy jail too strong.

IX.

I am in a Streight betwixt two having a desire to Depart & to be wt Christ. Phil. 1. 23.

IX.

PHILIPPIANS 1. 23.

I am in a ſtraight between two, having a deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with Chriſt.

1.

WHat meant our careful parents ſo to wear,
And laviſh our their ill extended hours,
To purchaſe for us large poſſeſſions here,
Which (though unpurchas'd) are too truly ours?
What meant they, ah, what meant they to endure
Such loads of needleſs labour, to procure
And make that thing our own, which was our own too ſure,

2.

What mean theſe liv'ries and poſſeſſive keyes?
What mean theſe bargains, and theſe needleſs ſales?
What need theſe jealous, theſe ſuſpicious wayes
Of law-devis'd, and law-diſſolvd entails?
No need to ſweat for gold, wherewith to buy
Eſtates of high-priz'd land; no need to tie
Earth to their heirs, were they but clogg'd with earth, as I.

3.

O were their ſouls but clogg'd with earth, as I,
They would not purchaſe with ſo ſalt an itch;
They would not take of alms, what now they buy?
Nor call him happy, whom the world counts rich;
They would not take ſuch pains, project and prog,
To charge their ſhoulders with ſo great a log:
Who hath the greater lands, hath but the greater clog.

4.

I cannot do an act which earth disdains;
I cannot think a thought which earth corrupts not;
I cannot speak a word which earth profanes n ot
I cannot make a vow earth interprets not:
If I but offer up an early groan,
Or spread my wings to Heav'ns long-longd for throne,
She darkens my complaints, and draggs my offering down.

5

Ev'n like the hawk, (whose keepers wary hands
Have made a pris'ner to her wethring stock)
Forgetting quite the pow'r of her fast bands,
Makes a rank bate from her forsaken block,
But her too faithful leash doth soon retain
Her broken flight, attempted oft in vain;
It gives her loins a twich, and tuggs her back again.

6.

So, when my soul directs her better eye
To Heav'ns bright Palace (where my treasure lies)
I spread my willing wings, but cannot flie,
Earth hales me down, I cannot, cannot rise:
When I but strive to mount the least degree,
Earth gives a jerk, and foils me on my knee;
Lord, how my soul is rack'd betwixt the world and thee!

7.

Great God, I spread my feeble wings in vain;
In vain I offer my extended hands:
I cannot mount till thou unlink my chain:
I cannot come till thou release my bands:
Which if thou please to break, and then supply
My wings with spirit, th' Eage shall not flie
A pitch that 's half so fair, nor half so swift as I.

BONAVENT.

BONAVENT. Soliloqu. Cap. 1.

Ah ſweet Jeſus, pierce the marrow of my ſoul with the healthful ſhafts of thy love, that it may truly burn and melt and languiſh with the only deſire of thee; that it may deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with thee: Let it hunger alone for the bread of life: let it thirſt after thee, the ſpring and fountain of eternal light, the ſtream of true pleaſure: let it alwais, deſire thee, ſeek thee, and find thee, and ſweetly reſt in thee.

EPIG. 9.

What? will thy ſhackels neither looſe nor break?
Are they too ſtrong, or is thy arm to weak?
Art will prevail where knotty ſtrength denies;
My ſoul, there's *Aquafortis* in thine eyes.

X.

Bring my soule out of Prison that I may praise thy Name: Ps: 142. 7. will simpson sculpsit

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X.

PSALM 142. 7.

Bring my ſoul out of priſon, that I may praiſe thy Name.

MY Soul is like a Bird, my fleſh the cage,
Wherein ſhe wears her weary pilgrimage
Of hours, as few as evil, daily fed
With Sacred Wine, and Sacramental Bread;
The keyes that lock her in, and let her out,
Are Birth and Death; 'twixt both ſhe hops about
From pearch to pearch, from ſenſe to reaſon; then
From higher reaſon down to ſenſe again:
From ſenſe ſhe climbs to Faith; where for a ſeaſon
She ſits and ſings; then down again to reaſon:
From reaſon back to faith, and ſtraight from thence
She rudely flutters to the perch of ſenſe:
From ſenſe to hope; then hops from hope to doubt?
From doubt, to dull deſpair; there ſeeks about
For deſp'rate freedom, and at ev'ry grate,
She wildly thruſts, and beggs th' untimely date
Of the unexpired thraldom, to releaſe
Th' afflicted captive, that can finde no peace.
Thus am I coop'd within this fleſhly cage
I wear my youth, and waſt my weary age,
Spending that breath which was ordain'd to chaunt
Heav'ns praiſes forth, in ſighs and ſad complaint:
VVhilſt happier birds can ſpread their nimble wing
From ſhrubs to Cedars, and there chirp and ſing,

In choice of raptures, harmonious ſtory
Of mans Redemption, and his Makers glory:
You glorious Martyrs, you illurious ſtoops,
That once were cloyſter'd in your fleſhly coops,
As faſt as I, what rhet'rick had your tongues?
What dextrous Art had your Elegiak ſongs?
What *Paul-like* pow'r had your admir'd devotion
What ſhackle-breaking faith infus'd ſuch motion
To your ſtrong prayer, that could obtain the boon
To be enlarg'd; to be uncag'd ſo ſoon?
When I, poor I, can ſing may daily tears,
Grown old in bondage, and can find no ears:
You great partakers of eternal glory,
That with your Heav'n-prevailing Oratory,
Releas'd your ſouls from your terreſtrial cage,
Permit the paſſion of my holy rage
To recommend my ſorrows, dearly known
To you, in days of old, and once your own,
To your beſt thoughts, (but oh't doth not befit ye
To move your pray'rs; you love joy, not pittie:)
Great Lord of ſouls to whom ſhould pris'ners flie,
But thee? Thou hadſt thy cage, as well as I:
And for my ſake, thy pleaſure was to know
The ſorrows that it brought, and feltſt them too;
O ſet me free, and I will ſpend thoſe dayes,
Which now I waſte in begging, in thy praiſe.

ANSELM.

ANSELM. in Protolog. cap. 1.

O miſerable condition of mankinde, that has loſt that for which he was created! Alas, what hath he loſt? And what hath he found? He hath loſt happineſs for which he was made, and found miſery for which he was not made: What is gone? And what is left? That thing is gone, without which heis unhappy? That thing is left, by which he is miſerable: O wretched men! From whence are we expelled? To what are we impelled? Whence are we thrown? And whither are we hurried? From our home into baniſhment; from the ſight of God into our own blindneſs; from the pleaſure of immortality to the bitterneſs of death: Miſerable change! From how great a good, to how great an evil? Ah me, what have I enterpriſed? What have I done? whither did I go? Whither am I come?

EPIG. 10.

Paul's midnight-voice prevail'd; his muſicks thunder
Unhing'd the priſon-doors, ſplit bolts in ſunder:
And ſitt'ſt thou here, and hang'ſt the feeble wing?
And whin'ſt to be enlarg'd? Soul, learn to ſing.

XI.

As the Hart panteth after ỹ Water brooks so panteth my soule after thee O Lord. Ps. 42.1

XI.

PSALM 24. 2.

As the Hart panteth after the water-brooks, ſo panteth my ſoul after thee, O God.

1

How ſhall my tongue expreſs that hallow'd fire
Which Heav'n hath kindled in my raviſh'd heart?
What Muſe ſhall I invoke, that will inſpire
My lowly quill to act a lofty part!
What Art ſhall I deviſe t' expreſs deſire,
Too intricate to be expreſs'd by Art!
Let all the Nine be ſilent; I refuſe
Their aid in this high task, for they abuſe
The flames of love too much: aſſiſt me, *Davids* Muſe,

2

Not as the thirſty ſoil deſires ſoft ſhow'rs
To quicken and refreſh her Embrion grain;
Nor as the drooping creſts of fading flow'rs
Requeſts the bounty of a morning rain,
Do I deſire my God: theſe in few hours,
Re-wiſh what late their wiſhes did obtain,
But as the ſwift-foot Hart doth wounded flie
To th' much deſired ſtreams, even ſo do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I muſt finde, or die.

Before

3

Before a pack of deep-mouth'd lusts I flee;
O, they have singled out my panting heart,
And wanton *Cupid*, sitting in a tree,
Hath pierc'd my bosome with a flaming dart;
My soul being spent, for refuge seeks to thee,
But cannot finde where thou my refuge art:
Like as the swift-foot Hart doth wounded flie
To the desired streams, ev'n so do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find, or die.

4

At length by flight, I over-went the pack;
Thou drew'st the wanton dart from out my wound
The bloud that follow'd, left a purple track,
Which brought a Serpent, but in shape a Hound:
We strove, he bit me; but thou brak'st his back,
I left him grov'ling on th' envenom'd ground;
But as the Serpent-bitten Hart doth flie
To the long-long'd for streams, ev'n so did I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find, or die.

5

If Lust should chase my soul, made swift by fright,
Thou art the stream, whereto my soul is bound:
Or if a Jav'lin wound my sides in flight,
Thou art the Balsom that must cure my wound:
If poyson chance t' infest my soul in fight,
Thou art the Treacle that must make me sound:
Ev'n as the wounded Hart, emboss, doth flie
To th' streams extremly long'd for, so do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I must finde, or die.

CYRIL

CYRIL lib. 5. in Joh. cap. 10.

O precious water, which quencheth the noysom thirſt of this world, ſcoureth all the ſtains of ſinners, that watereth the earth of our ſouls with heavenly ſhowers, and bringeth back the thirſty heart of man to his only God!

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. 35.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters, when ſhall I leave this forſaken, impaſſible, and dry earth, and taſte the waters of thy ſweeneſs, that I may behold thy virtue and thy glory, and ſlake my thirſt with the ſtreams of thy mercy; Lord, I thirſt: Thou art the ſpring of life, ſatisfie me; I thirſt Lord, I thirſt after thee the living God!

EPIG. 11.

The arrow-ſmitten Hart, deep wounded, flies
To th' ſprings with water in his weeping eyes:
Heav'n is thy ſpring: If Satans fiery dart
Pierce thy faint ſides: do ſo, my wounded Heart.

XII.

When shall I come and appeare before the Lord. Ps: 42: 2.

XII.

PSALM 42. 2.

When ſhall I come and appear before God?

WHat is my ſoul the better to be tin'd
with holy fire? What boots it to be coyn'd
With Heavens own ſtamp? What vantage can there be
To ſouls of Heav'n-deſcended pedigree,
More, than to beaſts that grovel? Are not they
Fed by th' Almighties hand? And eve'ry day,
Fill'd with his bleſſing too? Do they not ſee
God in his Creatures, as direct as we?
Do they not taſte thee? Hear thee? nay, what ſenſe
Is not partaker of thine Excellence?
What more do we? Alas, what ſerves our reaſon,
But, like dark-lanthorns, to accompliſh treaſon
With greater cloſeneſs? It affords no light,
Brings thee no nearer to our pur-blind ſight;
No pleaſure riſes up the leaſt degree,
Great God, but in the clearer view of thee:
What priv'ledge more than ſenſe hath reaſon then?
What vantage is it to be born, a man?
How often hath my patience built, dear Lord,
Vain towrs of Hope upon thy gracious Word?
How often hath thy Hope-reviving Grace
Woo'd my ſuſpicious eyes to ſeek thy face!
How often have I ſought thee? O how long
Hath expectation taught my perfect tongue
Repeated pray'rs, yet pray'rs could ne'r obtain;
In vain I ſeek thee, and I beg in vain:

If

If it be hgh presumption to behold
Thy face, why didst thou make mine eyes so bold
To seek it? If that object, be too bright
For mans aspect, why did thy lips invite
Mine eye t'expect it? If it might be seen,
Why is this envious curtain drawn between
My darkned eye and it? O tell me, why
Thou dost command the thing thou dost deny;
Why dost thou give me so unpriz'd a treasure,
And then deny'st my greedy soul the pleasure,
To view thy gift: Alas, that gift is void,
And is no gift, that may not be enjoy'd:
If those refulgent beames of Heavens great light
Guild not the day, what is the day, but night?
The drouzy shepherd sleeps; flowrs droop and fade;
The birds are sullen, and the beast is sad:
But if bright *Titan* dart his golden ray,
And, with his riches, glorifie the day,
The jolly shepherd pipes; flowrs freshly spring;
The beasts grow gamesome, and the birds they sing,
Thou art my Sun, great God: O when shall I
View the full beams of thy Meridian eye?
Draw, draw this fleshly curtain, that denies
The gracious presence of thy glorious eyes;
Or give me faith; and by the eye of grace,
I shall behold thee, though not face to face.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST. in. Pſal. 39.

Who created all things is better than all things; who beautified all things is more beautiful than all things: who made ſtrength is ſtronger than all things: who made great things is greater, than all things: Whatſoever thou loveſt, he is that to thee: Learn to love the workman in his work, the Creatour in his creature: Let not that which was made by him poſſeſs thee, leſt thou loſe him by whom thy ſelf was made.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 37.

O thou moſt ſweet, moſt gracious, moſt amiable, moſt fair, when ſhall I ſee thee? When ſhall I be ſatisfied with thy beauty? When wilt thou lead me from this dark dungeon, that I may confeſs thy name.

EPIG. 12.

How art thou ſhaded in this veil of night,
Behind thy curtain fleſh? thou ſeeſt no light,
But what thy pride doth challenge, as her own;
Thy fleſh is high: Soul, take this curtain down.

XIII.

Oh! that I had the Wings of a Dove for then I would fly away and be at rest. Ps. 55. 8.

XIII.

PSALM. 55. 6.

O that I had the wings of a Dove, for then I would flie away and be at rest!

1

AND am I ſworn a dunghil-ſlave for ever
To earths baſe drudg'ry? ſhall I never finde
A night of reſt? ſhall my indentures never
Be cancell'd? did iniurious Nature binde
My ſoul earths prentice, with no clauſe to leave her?
No day of freedom? muſt I ever grind?
O that I had the pinions of a Dove,
That I might quit my bands and ſoar above;
And pour my juſt complaints before the great Jehove!

2

How happy are the Doves, that have the pow'r,
When ere they pleaſe, to ſpread their airy wings!
Or cloud-dividing Eagles, that can towre
Above the ſent of theſe inferiour things!
How happy is the Lark, that ev'ry hour
Leaves earth, and then for joy mounts up and ſings!
Had my dull ſoul but wings as well as they,
How I would ſpring from earth and clip away!
As wiſe *Aſtræa* did, and ſcorn this ball of clay!

3

O how my ſoul would ſpurn this ball of clay,
And loath the dainties of earths painful pleaſure!
O how I'de laugh to ſee men night and day
Turmoil, to gain that traſh, they call their treaſure!
O how I'de ſmile to ſee what plots they lay
To catch a blaſt, or own a ſmile from *Cæſar*!
Had I the pinions of a mounting Dove,
How I would ſoar and ſing, and hate the love
Of tranſitory toyes, and feed on joys above!

4

There ſhould I find that everlaſting pleaſure, (not;
Which change removes not, and which chance prevents
There ſhould I find that everlaſting treaſure,
Which force deprives not, fortune diſaugments not;
There ſhould I find that everlaſting *Cæſar*,
Whoſe hand recalls not, and whoſe heart repents not;
Had I the pinions of a clipping Dove,
How I would climb the skies, and hate the love
Of tranſitory toys, and joy in things above!

5

No rank mouth'd ſlander there ſhall give offence,
Or blaſt our blooming names, as here they do;
No liver-ſcalding luſt ſhall there incenſe
Our boiling veins. There is no *Cupid's* bow;
Lord, give my ſoul the milke-white innocence
Of Doves, and I ſhall have their pinions too:
Had I the pinions of a ſprightly Dove,
How I would quit this earth, and ſore above
And Heav'ns bleſt kingdom find, with Heav'ns bleſt King
(Jehove.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST. in Pſal. 138.

What wings ſhould I deſire, but the two precepts of love, on which the Law, and the Prophets depend! O if I could obtain theſe wings, I could fly from thy face to thy face, from the face of thy Juſtice to the face of thy Mercy: Let us find thoſe wings by love, which we have loſt by luſt.

S. AUGUST. in Pſal. 76.

Let us caſt off whatſoever hindereth, entangleth, or burdeneth our flight, until we attain that which ſatisfieth; beyond which, nothing is; beneath which, all things are; of which all things are:

EPIG. 13.

Tell me, my wiſhing ſoul, did'ſt ever trie
How faſt the wings of red-croſt faith can flie?
Why begg'ſt thou then the pinions of a Dove?
Faiths wings are ſwifter, but the ſwifteſt love.

XIV.

How amiable are thy Tabernacles O Lord of Hosts my soule longeth, yea even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: Ps: 84: 1

XIV.

PSALM 84. 1.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O God of Hosts!

ANcient of dayes to whom all times are Now,
Before whose Glory Seraphims do bow
Their blushing cheeks, and veil their blemish'd faces,
That, uncontain'd, at once doth fill all places;
How glorious, O how far beyond the height
Of puz'led quils, or the obtuse conceit
Of flesh and blood, or the too flat reports
Of mortal tongues are thy expresless courts!
Whose glory to paint forth with greater Art,
Ravish my fancy, and inspire my heart;
Excuse my bold attempt, and pardon me
For shewing sense, what Faith alone should see.
Ten thousand millions, and ten thousand more
Of Angel-measured leagues, from th' Eastern shore
Of dungeon earth this glorious Palace stands,
Before whose pearly gates ten thousand bands
Of armed Angels wait to entertain
Those purged souls, for which the Lamb was slain;
Whose guiltless death and voluntary yielding
Of whose given life, gave the brave court her building;
The luke warm bloud of this dear Lamb being spilt;
To rubies turn'd whereof her posts were built;
And what dropp'd down in a kind gelid gore,
Did turn rich Saphyres, and did pave her floor:

The brighter flames, that from his eye-balls ray'd,
Grew Chryſolites, whereof her walls were made:
The milder glances ſparkled on the ground,
And groundſild every door with Diamond;
But dying, darted upwards, and did fix
A battlement of pureſt Sardonix.
Her ſtreets with burniſh'd gold are paved round,
Stars lie like pebbles ſcatt'red on the ground:
Pearl mixt with Onyx, and the Jaſper ſtone,
Made gravell'd cauſe-wayes to be trampled on.
There ſhines no Sun by day no Moon by night,
The Palace glory is the Palace light:
There is no time to meaſure motion by,
There Time is ſwallow'd with Eternity:
Wry-mouth'd Diſdain, and corner hunting Luſt,
And twy-fac'd Fraud, and beetle-brow'd Diſtruſt,
Soul-boyling Rage, and trouble ſtate Sedition,
And giddy Doubt, and goggle-ey'd Suſpition,
And lumpiſh Sorrow, and degen'rous Fear
Are baniſh'd thence, and Death's a ſtranger there:
But ſimple Love, and ſempiternal Joyes
Whoſe ſweetneſs neither gluts nor fulneſs cloyes;
Where face to face our raviſh'd eye ſhall ſee
Great ELOHIM, that glorious One in Three,
And Three in One, and ſeeing him ſhall bleſſe him,
And bleſſing, love him, and in love poſſeſſe him,
Here ſtay my ſoul and raviſh in relation:
Thy words being ſpent, ſpend now in contemplation.

S. GREG.

S. GREG. in Pſal. 7. pœnitent,

Sweet Jeſus, the Word of the Father, the brightneſs of paternal glory, whom Angels delight to view, teach me to do thy will; that led by thy good Spirit, I may come to that bleſſed City, where day is eternal, where there is certain ſecurity, and ſecure eternity, and eternal peace, and peaceful happineſs, and happy ſweetneſs, and ſweet pleaſure; where thou, O God, with the Father and the holy Spirit liveſt and reigneſt world without end.

Ibidem,

There is light without darkneſs; joy without grief; deſire without puniſhment; love without ſadneſs; ſatiety without loathing; ſafety without fear; health without diſeaſe; and life without death.

EPIG. 14.

My ſoul, pry not too nearly; the complexion
Of *Sols* bright face is ſeen but by reflexion:
But would'ſt thou know what's Heav'n? I'l tell thee what,
Think, what thou canſt not think, and Heav'n is that.

XV.

Make haſt my beloved and be thou like to a Roe, or to a young Hart upon ye Mountaines of Spices. Cant: 8: 14.

XV.

CANTICLES 8. 14.

Make haſte, my Beloved, and be like the Roe, or the young Hart upon the mountains of Spices.

GO, gentle tyrant, go; thy flames do pierce;
My ſoul too deep; thy flames are too too fierce;
My marrow melts, my fainting ſpirits fry
I'th' torrid Zone of thy Meridian eye:
Away, away, thy ſweets are too perfuming;
Turn, turn thy face, thy fires are too conſuming:
Haſte hence, and let thy winged ſteps out-go
The frighted Ro-buck, and his flying Ro.
But wilt thou leave me then? O thou that art
Life of my ſoul, ſoul of my dying heart,
Without the ſweet aſpect of whoſe fair eyes?
My ſoul doth languiſh, and her ſolace dies
Art thou ſo eaſily woo'd? ſo apt to hear
The frantick language of my fooliſh fear?
Leave, leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, though thine eyes o'recome me.
O how they wound! but how my wounds content me!
How ſweetly theſe delightful pains torment me!
How I am tortur'd in exceſſive meaſure
Of pleaſing cruelties too cruel pleaſure!
Turn, turn away, remove thy ſcorching beams;
I languiſh with theſe bitter-ſweet extremes:

Haſte

Haſte then and let thy winged ſteps out-go
The flying Ro-buck, and his frighted Ro.
Turn back, my dear; O let my raviſh'd eye
Once more behold thy face before thou fly;
What ſhall we part without a mutual kiſs?
O who can leave ſo ſweat a face as this?
Look full upon me; for my ſoul deſires
To turn a holy Martyr in thoſe fires:
O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, though thy flames ov'rcome me.
If thou becloud the Sun-ſhine of thy eye,
I freeze to death, and if it ſhine, I fry;
Which like a feaver, that my ſoul hath got,
Makes me to burn too cold, or freeze too hot:
Alas, I cannot bear ſo ſweet a ſmart,
Nor canſt thou be leſs glorious, than thou art.
Haſte then, and let thy winged ſteps out-go
The frighted Ro-buck, and his flying Ro.
But go not far beyond the reach of breath;
Too large a diſtance makes another death:
My youth is in her ſpring; Autumnal vowes
Will make me riper for ſo ſweet a Spouſe;
When after-times have burniſh'd my deſire,
I'l ſhoot thee flames for flames, and fire for fire.
O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, though thy flames ov'rcome me.

Auton

Autor ſcalæ Paradiſi. Tom. 9. Aug. cap. 8.

Fear not, O Bride, nor deſpair; think not thy ſelf contemned, if thy Bridegroom withdraw his face a while: all things cooperate for the beſt: both from his abſence, and his preſence thou gaineſt light: He cometh to thee, and he goeth from thee: He cometh to make thee conſolate; he goeth, to make thee cautious, leſt thy abundant conſolation puff thee up: he cometh, that thy languiſhing ſoul may be comforted; he goeth, leſt his familiarity ſhould be contemned; and being abſent to be more deſired; and being deſired, to be more earneſtly ſought: and being long ſought, to be more acceptably found.

EPIG. 15.

My ſoul ſins Monſter, whom with greater eaſe
Ten thouſand fold, thy God could make than pleaſe;
What would'ſt thou have? nor pleas'd with ſun, nor ſhade?
Heav'n knows not what to make of what he made.

Fidesq; Coronat ad aras.

THE FAREWEL

REVELATION 2. 10.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life.

1

BE faithful, Lord, what's that?
Believe: 'tis eaſie to believe; but what?
That he whom thy hard heart hath wounded,
And whom thy ſcorn hath ſpit upon,
Hath paid thy fine, and hath compounded
For thoſe foul deeds thy hands have done:
Believe, that he whoſe gentle palms
Thy needle-pointed ſins have nail'd,
Hath born thy ſlaviſh load (of alms)
And made ſupply where thou haſt fail'd:
Did ever mis'ry finde ſo ſtrange relief?
'tis a love too ſtrange for mans belief.

2

Believe that he, whoſe ſide
Thy crimes have pierc'd with their rebellions, di'd,
To ſave thy guilty ſoul from dying
Ten thouſand horrid deaths, from whence
There was no ſcape, there was no flying,
But through his deareſt blouds expence:
Believe, this dying friend requires
No other thanks for all his pain,
But ev'n the truth of weak deſires,
And for his love, but love again:
Did ever mis'ry finde ſo true a friend?
'tis a love too vaſt to comprehend.

With

3

With flouds of tears baptize
And drench theſe dry, theſe unregen'rate eyes;
Lord, whet my dull my blunt belief,
And break this fleſhly rock in ſunder,
That from this heart, this hell of grief,
May ſpring a Heav'n of love and wonder:
O if thy mercies will remove
And melt this lead from my belief,
My grief will then refine my love,
My love will then refreſh my grief:
Then weep mine eyes as he hath bled; vouchſafe
To drop for every drop an Epitaph.

4

But is the crown of Glory
The wages of a lamentable ſtory?
Or can ſo great a purchaſe riſe
From a ſalt humour? can mine eye
Run faſt enough t' obtain this prize?
If ſo, Lord, who's ſo mad to die?
Thy tears are trifles; thou muſt do:
Alas I cannot then endeavour:
I will! but will a tug or two
Suffice the turn? thou muſt perſever:
I'l ſtrive till death; and ſhall my feeble ſtrife
Be crown'd? I'l crown it with a crown of life.

5

But is there ſuch a dearth
That thou muſt buy, what is thy due by birth?
He whom thy hands did form of duſt
And gave him breath upon condition;
To love his great Créatour, muſt
He now be thine by compoſition?

Art thou a gracious God and milde,
Or head-ſtrong man rebellious rather!
O, man's a baſe rebellious child,
And thou a very gracious Father:
The gift is thine; we ſtrive, thou crown'ſt our ſtrife;
Thou giv'ſt us Faith; and Faith, a crown of life.

FINIS,

The mind of the Frontiſpiece.

This Bubble's Man: Hope, Fear, falſe Joy and Trouble,
Are thoſe four Windes which daily toſs this Bubble.

Hieroglyphikes of the life of Man

Fra: Quarles

To the Right Honourable
both in Bloud and Virtue, and
most accomplisht LADY,

MARY,

COUNTESSE OF *DORSET*,
LADY Governess to the
most Illustrious

CHARLES,

PRINCE of Great *Brittaine*, and

JAMES,

DUKE of Yorke.

Excellent Lady,

I *Present these Tapors to burn under the safe protection of your Honourable Name: where, I presume, they stand secure from the Damps of Ignorance, and Blasts of Censure. It is a small*

part of that abundant ſervice which my thankfull heart oweth your incomparable goodneſs. Be pleaſed to honour it with your noble Acceptance, which ſhall be nothing but what your own eſteem ſhall make it.

MADAME,

Your Lapps. moſt

humble Servant,

FRA. QUARLES.

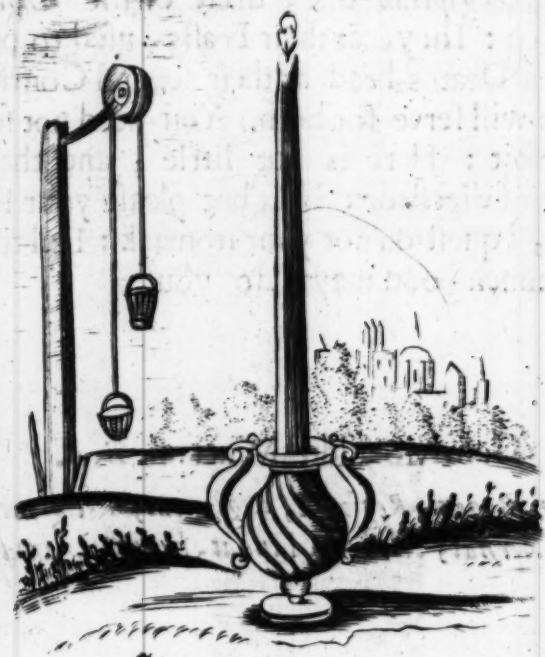
To the Reader.

IF you are ſatisfied with my *Emblems*, I here ſet before you a ſecond Service. It is an *Ægyptian* diſh, dreſt on the *Engliſh* faſhion: They, at their Feaſts, uſed to preſent a Deaths-head at their ſecond Courſe: This will ſerve for both. You need not fear a ſurfeit: Here is but little; and that, light of digeſtion: If it but pleaſe your Palate, I queſtion not your ſtomack: Fall to; and much good may it do you.

Convivio addit Minerval. *E. B.*

Rem, Regem, Regimen, Regionem, Religionem, Exornat, celebrat, laudat, honorat, amat.

BENEVOLUS.



Sine Lumine inane.

PSALM 51. 5.

Behold I was ſhapen in iniquity, and in ſin did my mother conceive me.

MAn is mans *A. B. C.* There is none that can
Read God aright, unleſs he firſt ſpell Man:
Man is the ſtairs, whereby his knowledge climbs.
To his Creatour though it oftentimes
Stumbles for want of light, and ſometimes trips
For want of careful heed; and ſometimes ſlips
Through unadviſed haſt; and when at length
His weary ſteps have reach'd the top, his ſtrength
Oft fails to ſtand; his giddy brains turn round,
And *Phaeton*-like, falls headlong to the ground:
Theſe ſtaires are often dark, and full of danger
To him, whom want of practice makes a ſtranger.
To this blind way: the Lamps of nature lends
But a falſe light, and lights to her own ends.
Theſe be the waies to Heaven theſe paths require
A light that ſprings from that Diviner fire,
Whoſe humane ſoule-enlightning ſun beams dart
Through the bright crannies of th' immortal part.
And here, thou great Original of Light,
Whoſe errour-chaſing beams do unbenight
The very ſoul of darkneſs, and untwiſt
The clouds of ignorance, do thou aſſiſt
My feeble quill; reflect thy ſacred rayes
Upon theſe lines, that they may light the wayes
That lead to thee; ſo guide my heart, my hand,
That I may do what others underſtand.
Let my heart practice what my hand ſhall write;
Till then, I am a Tapor wanting light

This

This golden Precept, *Know thy ſelf*, came down
From Heav'ns high Court: It was an Art unknown
To fleſh and blood. The men of Nature took
Great journies in it: Their dim eyes did look
But through a miſt, like Pilgrims they did ſpend
Their idle ſteps, but know no journies end.
The way to know thy ſelf, is firſt to caſt
Thy frail beginning, Progreſs, and thy laſt:
This is the ſum of Man: But now return
And view this Tapour ſtanding in this Urn.
Behold her ſubſtance ſordid and impure,
Uſeleſs and vain, and (wanting light) obſcure:
'Tis but a ſpan at longeſt, nor can laſt
Beyond that ſpan; ordain'd and made to waſt:
Ev'n ſuch was Man (before his ſoul gave light
To his vile ſubſtance) a meer childe of night;
Ere he had life, eſtated in his Urn,
And markt for death; by nature, born to burn:
Thus liveleſs, lightleſs, worthleſs firſt began
That glorious, that preſumptuous thing call'd Man.

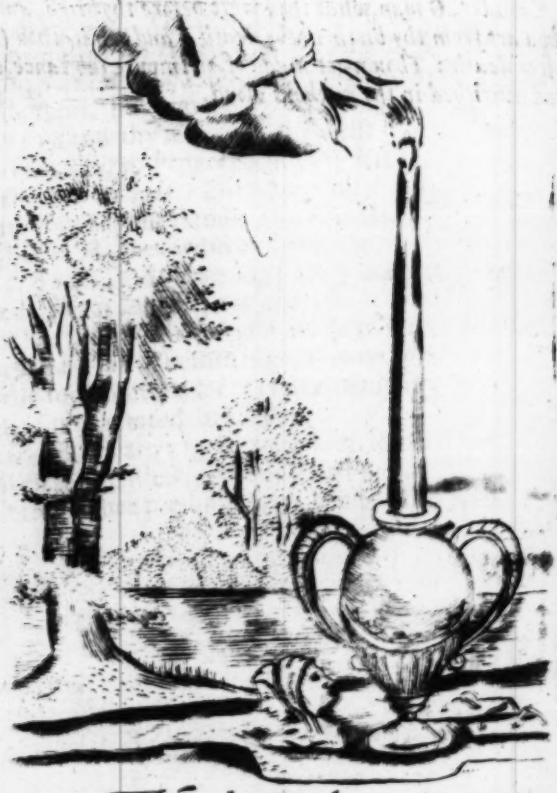
S. AUGUSTI

S. AUGUST.

Conſider, O man, what thou wert before thy birth, and what thou art from thy birth to thy death, and what thou ſhalt be after death: Thou wert made of an impure ſubſtance, clothed and nouriſhed in thy mothers bloud.

EPIG. 1

Forbear, fond Tapour: what thou ſeek'ſt, is fire:
Thy own deſtruction's lodg'd in thy deſire.
Thy wants are far more ſafe then their ſupply:
He that begins to live, begins to die.



Nescius Vnde.

GENESIS 1. 3.

And God ſaid, Let there be light; and there was light.

1

THis flame expecting Tapour hath at length
Received fire, and now begins to burn:
It hath no vigor yet, it hath no ſtrength;
Apt to be puft and quencht at every turn:
It was a gracious hand that thus endow'd
This ſnuff with flame: But mark this hand doth
It ſelf from mortal eyes, and fold it in a cloud. (ſhroud

2

Thus man begins to live. An unknown flame
Quickens his ſniſht Organs, now poſſeſt
With motion; and which motion doth proclaime
An active ſoul, though in a feeble breaſt:
But how, and when infuſ'd ask not my pen;
Here flies a cloud before the eyes of men:
I cannot tell thee how, nor canſt thou tell me when.

3

Was it a parcel of Celeſtial fire
Infus'd by Heav'n into this fleſhly mould:
Or was it (think you) made a ſoul entire?
Then, Was it new created? Or of old?
Or is't a propagated Spark, rak'd out
From Natures embers? while we go about,
By reaſon to reſolve, the more we raiſe a doubt.

If

4

If it be part of that celeſtial Flame,
It muſt be eve'n as pure, as free from ſpot
As that eternal Fountain whence it came:
If pure and ſpotleſs, then whence came the blot?
It ſelf being pure could not it ſelf defile;
Nor hath unactive matter pow'r to ſoil
Her pure and active form, as Jars corrupt their Oyl.

5

Or if it were created, tell me when?
If in the firſt ſix dayes, where kept till now?
Or if the ſoul were new created, then
Heav'n did not all, at firſt, he had to do:
Six days expired all creation ceaſt.
All kinds, ev'n from the greateſt to the leaſt,
Were finiſht and complete before the day of reſt.

6

But why ſhould Man, the Lord of Creatures, want
That priviledge which Plants and Beaſts obtain?
Beaſts bring forth Beaſts, the Plant a perfect Plant;
And ev'ry like brings forth her like again:
Shall Fowls and Fiſhes, Beaſts and Plants convey
Life to their iſſue, and Man leſs then they?
Shall theſe get living ſouls? and Man dead lumps of clay?

7

Muſt humane ſouls be generated then?
My water ebs; behold, a Rock is nigh:
If Natures work produce the ſoules of men,
Mans ſoul is morral: All that's born muſt die.
What ſhall we then conclude? What ſun-ſhine will
Diſperſe this gloomy cloud? Till then, be ſtill,
My vainly ſtriving thoughts; lie down, my puzzl'd quill.

ISIDOR.

ISIDOR.

Why doſt thou wonder, O man, at the height of the Stars, or the depth of the Sea? Enter into thine own ſoul, and wonder there.

Thy ſoul by creation is infuſed; by infuſion, created.

EPIG. 2.

What art thou now the better by this flame?
Thou know'ſt not how, nor when, nor whence it came:
Poor kinde of happinſs, that can return
No more acount but this, to ſay, *I burn.*

me cuncta rapit.

PSALM. 103. 16.

The wind passeth over it, and it is gone.

NO sooner is this lighted Taper set
Upon the transitory stage
Of eye-bedarkning night,
But it is straight subjected to the threat
Of envious windes, whose wastful rage
Disturbs her peaceful light,
And makes her substance wast, and makes her flame less bright

2

No sooner are we born, no sooner come
To take possession of this vast,
This soul-afflicting earth,
But danger meets us at the very womb,
And sorrow with her full-mouth'd blast
Salutes our painful birth,
To put out all our joyes, and puff out all our mirth.

3

Nor infant innocence, nor childish tears,
Nor youthful wit, nor manly power,
Nor politick old age,
Nor virgins pleading, nor the widows prayers,
Nor lowly cell, nor lofty tower,
Nor Prince, nor Peer, nor Page
Can scape this common blast, or curb her stormy rage.

4

Our life is but a pilgrimage of blasts,
And every blast brings forth a fear;
And every fear, a death;
The more it lengthens, ah, themore it wastes:
Were, were we to continue here
The dayes of long liv'd *Seth*,
Our sorrows would renew, as we renew our breath.

5

Toſt too and fro, our frighted thoughts are driv'n
With every puff, with every tide
Of ſelf-conſuming care;
Our peacefull flame, that would point up to Heav'n,
Is ſtill diſturb'd, and turn'd aſide;
And every blaſt of air
Commits ſuch waſte in man as man cannot repair.

6

W' are all born debters, and we firmly ſtand
Oblig'd for our firſt parents debt,
Beſides our intereſt;
Alas! we have no harmleſs counter-band,
And we are every hour beſet
With threatnings of arreſt,
And till we pay the debt we can expect no reſt.

7

What may this ſorrow-ſhaken life preſent
To the falſe reliſh of our taſt
That's worth the name of ſweet?
Her minutes pleaſur's choak' with diſcontent,
Her glory foil'd with every blaſt;
How many dangers meet
Poor man betwixt the biggin and the winding ſheet!

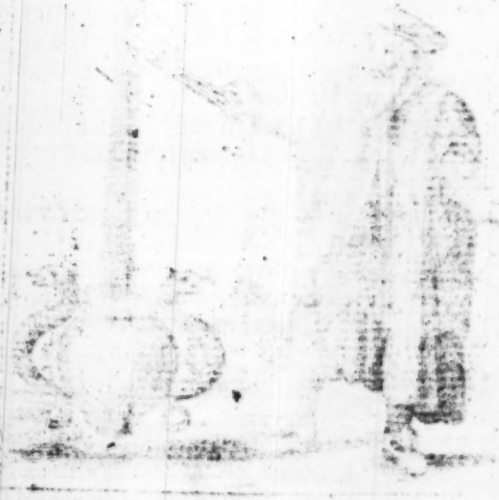
S. AUGUST

S. AUGUST.

In this world, not to be grieved, not to be afflicted, not to be in danger, is impossible.

Ibidem

Behold, the world is full of trouble, yet beloved: What if it were a pleasing world? How wouldst thou delight in her calms, that canst so well endure her storms.



EPIG. 7.

Art thou consum'd with soul-afflicting crosses?
Disturb'd with grief? annoy'd with wordly losses?
Hold up thy head; the Tapor lifted hie
Will brook the wind, when lower Tapors die.

Curando Labaſcit.

MATTHEW 9. 12.

The whole need not the Physitian.

ALwayes pruning, always cropping?
Is her brightneſs ſtill obſcur'd?
Ever dreſſing, ever topping?
Alwayes curing, never cur'd?
Too much ſuuffing makes a waſte;
When the ſpirits ſpend too faſt.
They will ſhrink at ev'ry blaſt.

2

You that alwayes are beſtowing
Coſtly pains in life repairing,
Are but alwayes overthrowing
Natures work by overcaring:
Nature meeting with her ſo,
In a work ſhe hath to do,
Takes a pride to over-throw.

3

Nature knows her own perfection,
And her pride diſdains a tutour,
Cannot ſtoop to Arts correction,
And ſhe ſcorns a co-adjutar,
Saucy Art ſhould not appear
Till ſhe whiſper in her ear:
Hagar flees, if *Sara* bear.

4

Nature worketh for the better,
If not hindred that ſhe cannot;
Art ſtands by as her abetter,
Ending nothing ſhe began not;
If diſtemper chance to ſeiſe
Nature foil'd with the diſeaſe,
Art may help her if ſhe pleaſe.

5

But to make a trade of trying
Druggs and doſes alwayes pruning,
Is to die for fear of dying;
He's untun'd, that 's alwaies tuning.
He that often loves to lack
Dear-bought druggs hath found a knack
To foyl the man, and feed the Quack.

6

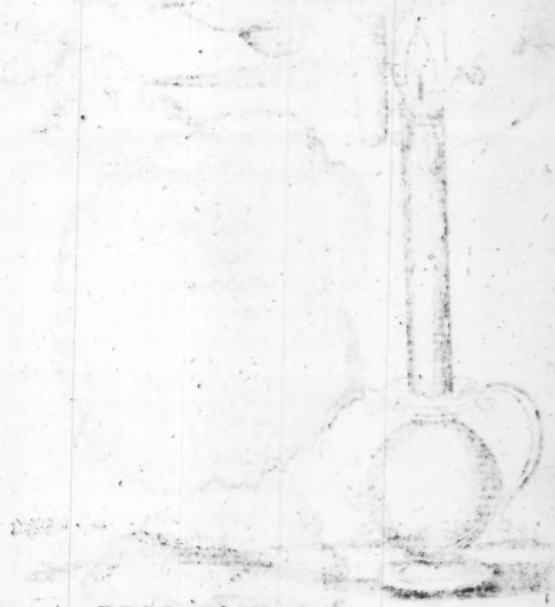
O the ſad, the frail condition
Of the pride of Natures glory!
How infirm his compoſition,
And at beſt how tranſitory!
When his ryot doth impair
Natures weakneſs, then his care
Adds more ruine by repair.

7

Hold thy hand, healths dear maintainer,
Life perchance may burn the ſtronger:
Having ſubſtance to ſuſtain her,
She untouch'd, may laſt the longer:
When the Artiſt goes about,
To redreſs her flame, I doubt,
Oftentimes he ſnuffs it out.

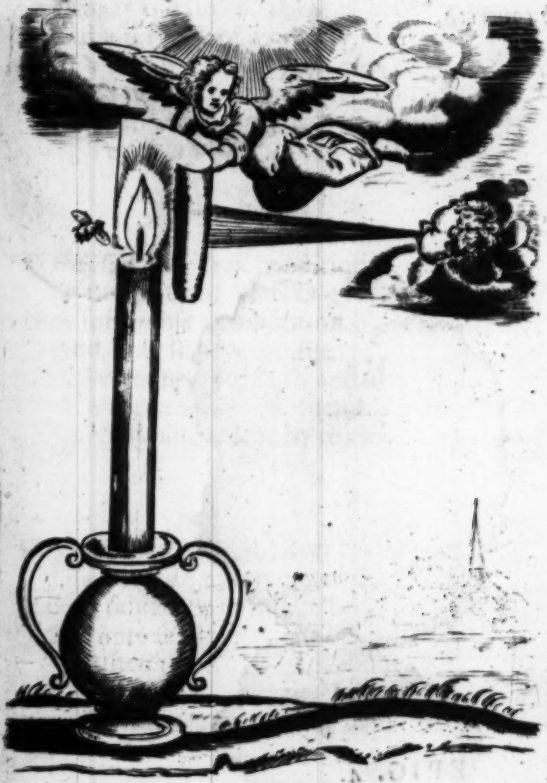
NICOCLES.

Phiſitians of all men are moſt happy; what good ſucceſs ſoever they have, the world proclaimeth, and what faults they omit, the earth covereth.



EPIG. 4.

My purſe being heavy, if my *light* appear
But dimm, *Quack* comes to make all clear;
Quack, leave thy trade; thy dealings are not right,
Thou tak'ſt our weighty gold to give us *light*.



Te auxiliante resurgo.

Wilh. Marshall. Sculpsit.

PSALM. 91. 11.

And he will give his Angels charge over thee.

1

O How mine eyes cloud pleaſe themſelves, and ſpend
Perpetual ages in this precious ſight!
How I could woo Eternity, to lend
My waſting day an antidote for night
And how my fleſh could with my fleſh contend,
That views this object with no more delight!
My work is great, my Taper ſpends too faſt:
'Tis all I have, and ſoon would out or waſte
Did not this bleſſed ſcreen protect it from this blaſt.

2

O, I have loſt the jewel of my ſoul,
And I muſt find it out, or I muſt die?
Alas! my ſin-made darkneſs doth controul
The bright endeavour of my careful eye:
I muſt go ſearch and ranſacke every hole;
Nor have I other light to ſeek it by:
O if this light be ſpent, my work not done,
My labour's worſe then loſt; my jewel's gone,
And I am quite forlorn, and I am quite undone.

3

You bleſſed Angels, you that do enjoy
The full fruition of eternal glory,
Will you be pleas'd to fancy ſuch a toy
As man, and quit your glorious territory,
And ſtoop to earth, vouchſafing to employ
Your care to guard the duſt that lies before ye?
Diſdain you not theſe lumps of dying clay,
That, for your pains, do oftentimes repay
Neglect, if not diſdain, and ſend you griev'd away?

This

4

This tapour of our lives, that once was plac'd
In the fair ſuburbs of Eternity,
Is now alas confin'd to evr'y blaſt,
And turn'd a *Maypole* for the ſporting *Fly*;
And will you, ſacred *Spirits*, pleaſe to caſt
Your care on us, and lend a gracious eye?
How had this ſlender inch of Tapour been
Blaſted and blaz'd, had not this heavenly *Screen*
Curb'd the proud blaſt, and timely ſtept betwoen!

5

O goodneſs, far tranſcending the report
Of laviſh tongues! too vaſt to comprehend!
Amazed quill, how far doſt thou come ſhort
T' expreſs expreſſions that ſo far tranſcend!
You bleſſed Courtiers of th' eternal Court,
Whoſe ful mouth'd Hallelujahs have no end,
Receive that world of praiſes that belongs
To your great Sov'reign; fill your holy tongues
With our Hoſanna's mix'd with your Seraphick ſongs.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

If thou desirest the help of Angels, fly the comforts of the world, and resist the temptations of the Devil.

He will give his Angels charge over thee. O what reverence, what love, what confidence deserveth so sweet a saying? For their presence, reverence; for their good will, love; for their tuition, confidence.

EPIG. 5.

My flame, art thou disturb'd, diseas'd and drive'n
To death with storms of grief? Point thou to Heav'n:
One Angel there shall ease thee more alone,
Then thrice as many thousands of thy own.

ECCLESIASTES 3. 1.

To every thing there is an appointed time.

Time. 1 *Death.*

Time BEhold the frailty of this slender snuff
Alas, it hath not long to last:
Without the help of either thief or puff,
Her weakness knows the way to waste:
Nature hath made her substance apt enough
To spend it self, and spend too fast:
It needs the help of none
That is so prone
To lavish out untouch'd, and languish all alone.

2

Death. Time, hold thy peace, and shake thy slow pac'd sand;
Thy idle minutes make no way:
Thy glass exceeds her how'r, or else doth stand,
I cannot hold, I cannot stay.
Surcease thy pleading, and enlarge my hand
I surfet with too long delay:
This brisk, this bold-fac'd light
Doth burn too bright;
Darkness adorns my throne, my day is darkest night.

3

Time. Great Prince of darkness, hold thy needless hand;
Thy captiv's fast and canot flee:
What arm can rescue? who can countermand?
What pow'r can set thy pris'ner free;
Or if they could, what clos, what foreign land
Can hide that head that flees from thee?
But if her harmless light
Offend thy sight, (at night?
What need'st thou snatch at noon, what will be thine

I have

4

Death. I have out ſtaid my patience; my quick trade
Growes dull and makes too ſlow return:
This long-liv'd debt is due, and ſhould been paid
When firſt her flame began to burn:
But I have ſtaid to long, I have delaid
To ſtore my vaſt, my craving Urn.
My patent gives me pow'r
Each day, each hour, (tow'r.
To ſtrike the Peaſants thatch, & ſhake the Princely

5

Time. Thou count'ſt to faſt: thy patent gives no pow'r
Till *Time* ſhall pleaſe to ſay, *Amen* (hou'r?
Death. Canſt thou appoint my ſhaft? *Time.* Or thou my
Death. 'T is I bid, do. *Time.* 'T is I bid, When
Alas! thou canſt not make the pooreſt flow'r
To hang the drooping head till then:
Thy ſhafts can neither kill,
Nor ſtrike, until (will
My power give them wings, and pleaſure arm thy

S. AUGUST.

Thou knoweſt not at what time he will come: wait always that becauſe thou knoweſt not the time of his coming, thou mayſt be prepared againſt the time he cometh. And for this perchance, thou knoweſt not the time, becauſe thou mayſt be prepared againſt all times.

EPIG. 13.

Expect, but fear not death: death cannot kill;
Till *Time*, (that firſt muſt ſeal her Patent) will:
Would'ſt thou live long? keep *Time* in high eſteem;
Whom gone, if thou canſt not recal, redeem.

Nec sine nec Tecum W.

JOB. 18. 6.

His light shall be dark; and his candle shall be put out.

1

WHat ails our tapour? Is her lustre fled,
Or foil'd? What dire disaster bred
This change, that thus she vails her golden head?

2

It was but very now she shin'd as fair
As *Venus* star. Her glory might compare
With *Cynthia*, burnish'd with her brothers hair.

3

There was no cave-begotten damp that mought
Abuse her beams; no wind that went about
To break her peace; no puff to put her out.

4

Lift up thy wond'ring thoughts, and thou shalt spie
A cause, will clear thy doubts, but cloud thine eye:
Subjects must vail, when as their Sov'rains by.

5

Canst thou behold bright *Phœbus*, and thy sight
No whit impaird; the object is too bright;
The weaker yeelds unto the stronger light.

6

Great God, I am thy Tapour, thou my Sun;
From thee the Spring of light, my light begun;
Yet if thy light but shine, my light is done.

7

If thou withdraw thy light, my light will shine,
If thine appear, how poor a light is mine?
My light is darkness if compar'd to thine.

8

Thy Sun-beames are too ſtrong for my weak eye;
If thou but ſhine, how nothing Lord am I!
Ah, who can ſee thy viſage, and not die!

9

If intervening earth ſhould make a night,
My wanton flame would then ſhine forth too bright;
My earth would even preſume t' eclipſe thy light.

10

And if thy light be ſhadow'd, and mine fade,
If thine be dark, and my dark light decay'd,
I ſhould be clothed with a double ſhade.

11

What ſhall I do? O what ſhall I deſire?
What help can my diſtracted thoughts require,
That thus am waſting 'twixt a double fire?

12

In what a ſtraight, in what a ſtraight am I?
'Twixt two extremes how my rack'd fortunes lie?
See I thy face, or ſee it not, I die.

13

O let the ſtream of my Redeemers blood
That breaths from my ſick ſoul, be made a cloud,
To interpoſe theſe lights, and be my ſhroud.

14

Lord, what am I? Or what's the light I have?
May it but light my aſhes to their grave,
And ſo from thence, to thee; 't is all I crave,

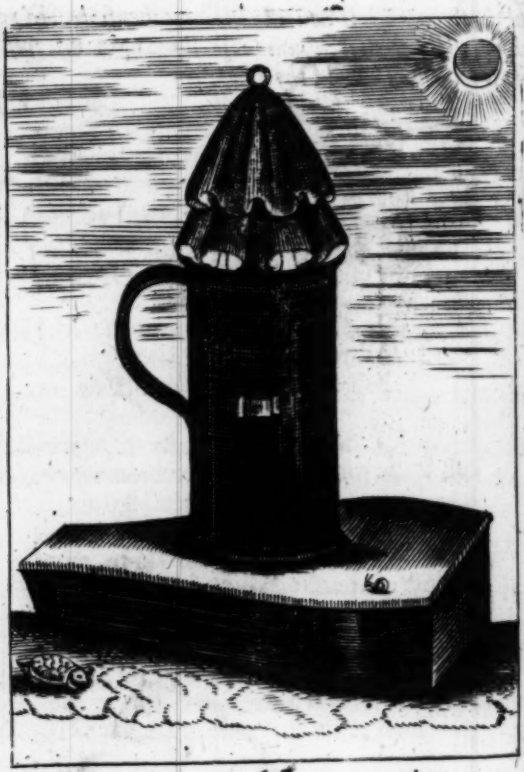
15

O make my light, that all the world may ſee
Thy glory by 't: If not, It ſeems to me
Honour enough, to be put out by thee.

O light inacceſſible, in reſpect of which my light is utter darkneſs; ſo reflect upon my weakneſs, that the world may behold thy ſtrength: O Majeſty incomprehenſible, in reſpect of which my glory is mere ſhame: ſo ſhine upon my miſery that all the world may behold thy glory.

EPIG. 7.

Wilt thou complain, becauſe thon art bereav'n
Of all thy light? wilt thou vie lights with Heave'n?
Can thy bright eye not brook the daily light?
Take heed: I fear thou art a childe of night.



Nec virtus obſcura petit.

MATTHEW 5.16,

Let your light ſo ſhine, that men ſeeing your good works may glorifie your Father which is in Heaven.

1

WAs it for this the breath of Heav'n was blown
Into the noſtrils of this Heavenly creature?
Was it for this, that ſacred Three in One
Conſpir'd to make this quinteſſence of Nature?
Did Heavenly providence intend
So rare a fabrick for ſo poor an end?

2

Was man, the higheſt maſter-piece of Nature,
The curious abſtract of the whole Creation.
Whoſe ſoul was copied from his great Creatour,
Made to give light, and ſet for obſervation,
Ordain'd for this? to ſpend his light
In a dark-lanthorn cloyſt'red up in night?

3

Tell me recluſe Monaſtick, can it be
A diſadvantage to thy beams to ſhine?
A thouſand tapours may gain light from thee:
Is thy light leſs or worſe for lighting mine?
If wanting light, I ſtumble ſhall
Thy darkneſs not be guilty of my fall?

4

Why doſt thou lurk ſo cloſe? Is it for fear
Some buſy eye ſhould pry into thy flame,
And ſpie a thief, or elſe ſome blemiſh there?
Or being ſpy'd, ſhrink'ſt thou thy head for ſhame?
Come, come fond tapour, ſhine but clear,
Thou need'ſt not ſhrink for ſhame, nor ſhrowd for fear.

5

Remember, O remember, thou wert ſet
For men to ſee the great Creator by;
Thy flame is not thy own: It is a debt
Thou ow'ſt thy Maker. And wilt thou deny
To pay the int'reſt of thy light:
And skulk in corners, and play leaſt in ſight?

6

Art thou afraid to truſt thy eaſy flame.
To the injurious waſt of Fortunas puff?
Ah, coward, rouze; and quit thy ſelf for ſhame;
Who dies in ſervice, hath liv'd long enough:
Who ſhines, and makes no eye partaker,
Uſurps himſelf, and cloſely robs his Maker.

7

Make not thy ſelf a Pris'ner, that art free:
Why doſt thou turn thy Palace to a Jail?
Thou art an Eagle: And befits it thee
To live immured like a cloyſter'd Snail?
Let toyes ſeek corners; things of coſt
Gain worth by view: hid jewels are but loſt.

8

My God, my light is dark enough at lighteſt,
Encreaſe her flame, give her ſtrength to ſhine:
'Tis frail at beſt: 'tis dimm enough at brighteſt,
But 't is her glory to be foil'd by thine.
Let others lurk: My light ſhall be
Propos'd to all men, and by them to thee.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

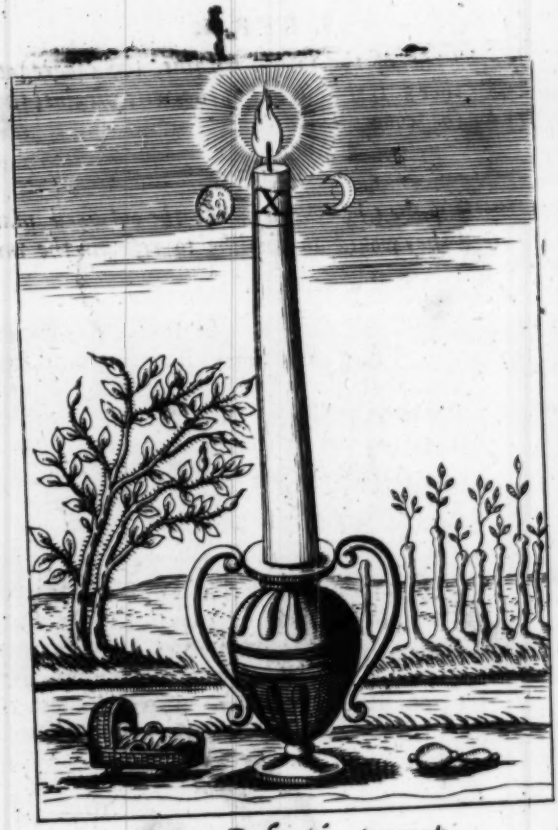
If thou be one of the fooliſh virgins, the congregation is neceſſary for thee; if thou be one of the wiſe virgins, thou art neceſſary for the congregation.

HUGO.

Monaſtick make Cloyſters to incloſe the outward man: O would to God they would do the like to reſtrain the inward man.

EPIG. 8.

Afraid of eyes? what, ſtill play leaſt in ſight:
'Tis much to be preſum'd all is not right:
Too-cloſe endeavours bring forth dark events:
Come forth, *Monaſtick*; here 's no Parliaments.



Ut Luna Infantia torpet.

JOB 14. 2.

He commeth forth like a flower and is cut down.

1

Behold
How ſhort a ſpan,
Was long enough, of old,
To meaſure out the life of man!
In thoſe well temper'd dayes his time was then
Survey'd, caſt up, and found but thre eſcore years and ten.

2

Alas
And what is that?
They come, and ſlide, and paſs,
Before my pen can tell thee what.
The poſts of time are ſwift, which having run
Their ſeav'n ſhort ſtages 'ore, their ſhort-liv'd task is done

3

Our days
Begun we lend
To ſleep, to antick playes
And toyes, until the firſt ſtage end.
12. waining moons, twice 5. times told we give
To unrecover'd loſs: We rather breath then live.

4

We ſpend
A ten years breath,
Before we apprehend
What 't is to live, or fear a death:
Our childiſh dreams are fill'd with painted joyes,
Which pleaſe our ſenſe a while, & waking, prove but toyes.

How

5

How vain.
How wretched is
Poor man, that doth remain
A ſlave to ſuch a State as this
His days are ſhort, at longeſt ; few, at moſt ;
They are but bad, at beſt ; yet laviſh'd out, or loſt.

6

They be
The ſecret ſprings
That make our minutes flee
On wheels more ſwift then Eagles wings :
Ou life 's a Clock, and every gaſp of breath
Breaths forth a warning grief, till *Time* ſhall ſtrike a death.

7

How ſoon
Our new-born light
Attains to full-ag'd noon !
And this, how ſoon to gray-hair'd night !
We ſpring, we bud, we bloſſom, and we blaſt
E'r we can count our dayes ; our dayes they flee ſo faſt.

8

They end
When ſcarce begun ;
And e'r we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is done :
Man, count thy dayes ; and if they flie too faſt
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day thy laſt.

Our

Our infancy is consumed in eating and sleeping; in all which time what differ we from beasts, but by a possibility of reason and a necessity of sin?

O misery of mankinde, in whom no sooner the Image of God appeareth in the act of his Reason, but the Devil blurs it in the corruption of his will!

EPIG. 9.

To the decrepit man.

Thus was the first seventh part of thy few dayes
Consum'd in sleep, in food, in toyish playes:
Know'st thou what tears thine eyes imparted then?
Review thy loss, and weep them or'e agin.

Proles tua, Illæa, Iuventus.

JOB 20. 11.

His bones are full of the sins of his youth.

1

THe swift-foot Post of Time hath now begun
His second stage;
The dawning of our age
Is lost and spent without a Sun;
The light of reason did not yet appear
Within th' Horizon of this Hemisphere.

2

The infant Will had yet none other guide
But twilight Sense;
And what is gain'd from thence
But doubtful steps, that tread aside?
Reason now draws her curtains; her clos'd eyes
Begin to open, and she calls to rise.

3

Youths now disclosing bud peeps out, and shews
Her *April* head;
And from her grasse-green bed,
Her virgin Primrose early blows;
Whil'st waking *Philomel* prepares to sing
Her warbling sonets to the wanton spring.

4

His stage is pleasant, and the way seems short,
All strow'd with flowers;
The dayes appear but hours,
Being spent in time beguiling sport.
Here griefs do neither press, nor doubts perplex;
Here's neither fear to curb, no care to vex.

His

5

His downy cheek grows proud, and now disdains
The tutors hand;
He glories to command
The proud neckt steed with prouder reins:
The strong breath'd horn must now salute his ear
With the glad downfall of the falling Dear.

6

His quick-nos'd, army, with their deep-mouth'd sounds,
Must now prepare
To chase the tim'rous Hare
About his yet unmorgag'd grounds;
The ill he hates, is counsel and delay,
And fears no mischief but a rainy day.

7

The the thought he takes, is how to take no thought
For bale or bliss:
And late Repentance is
The last dear pen'worth that he bought:
He is a dainty morning, and he may,
If lust orecast him not, b' as fair a day.

8

Proud blossome, use thy Time; Times head-strong horse,
Will post away.
Trust not the foll'wing day,
For ev'ry day brings forth a worse:
Take time at best: believ't, thy days will fall
From good to bad; from bad, to worst all.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS.

Humility is a rare thing in a young man, therefore to be admired: when youth is vigorous, when ſtrength is firm, when blood is hot, when cares are ſtrangers, when mirth is free, then pride ſwelleth, and humility is deſpiſed.

EPIG. 10.

To the old man.

Thy years are newly gray, his newly green;
His youth may live to ſee what thine hath ſeen:
He is thy Parallel: his preſent ſtage
And thine are the two Tropicks of mans age.

Jam ruit in Venerem

ECCLESIASTES. 11.9.

Rejoyce, O young man, and let thy heart cheer thee, but know, &c.

How flux! how alterable is the date
Of transitory things!
How hurry'd on the clipping wings
Of Time, and driv'n upon the wheels of Fate!
How one condition brings
The leading Prologue to another state!
No transitory things can last:
Change waites on Time, and Time is wing'd with haſt;
Time present's but the ruines of Time paſt.

2

Behold how Change hath inch'd away thy Span.
And how thy light doth burn
Nearer and nearer to thy Urn:
For this dear waſte what ſatisfaction can
Injurious Time return
Thy ſhortned dayes, but this, the ſtyle of Man?
And what's a man? a cask of care,
New tunn'd and working; he's a middle ſtair
'Twixt birth and death; a blaſt of full-ag'd air.

3

His breaſt is tinder, apt to entertain
The ſparks of *Cupids* fire,
Whoſe new-blown flames muſt now enquire
A wanton julep out, which may reſtrain
The rage of his deſire,
Whoſe painful pleaſure is but pleaſing pain:
His life's a ſickneſs that doth riſe
From a hot liver, Whilſt his paſſion lies
Expecting cordials from his miſtriſs eyes,

4

His ſtage is ſtrow'd with thorns, and deck'd wit flowers;
His year ſometimes *appears*
A minute; and his minutes, *years*:
His doubtful weather's ſun-ſhine mixt with *ſhowers*;
His traffique, *Hopes* and *Fears*;
His life's a medley, made of *Sweets* and *Sowrs*;
His pains reward is *Smiles* and *Pouts*;
His diet is fair language mixt with *Flouts*;
He is a *No-thing*, all compos'd of *Doubts*.

5

Do, waſte thy inch, proud *Span* of living earth,
Conſume thy golden days
In ſlaviſh freedom; let thy ways
Take beſt advantage of thy frolick mirth;
Thy ſtock of *Time* decayes,
And laviſh plenty ſtill fore-runs a dearth:
The bird that's flown may turn at laſt;
And painful labour may repair a waſt;
But pains nor price can call thy minutes paſt.

SEN,

SEN.

Expect great joy when thou ſhalt lay down the mind of a child, and deſerve the ſtyle of a wiſe man; for at thoſe years childhood is paſt, but oftentimes childiſhneſs remaineth, and what is worſe, thou haſt the authority of a man, but the vices of a childe.

EPIG. II.

To the declining man.

Why ſtand'ſt thou diſcontented? Is not he
As equall diſtant from the top as thee?
What then may cauſe thy diſcontented frown?
He's mounting up the hill; thou plodding down.

Vt Sol ardore virili.

DEUTERONOMIE 33. 25.

As thy dayes, so shall thy strength be.

The Post
Of swift-foot Time
Hath now at length begun
The Kalends of our midle stage:
The number'd steps that we have gone, do show
The number of those steps we are to go:
The buds and blossomes of our age
Are blown, decay'd, and gone,
And all our prime
Is lost;
And what we boast too much, we have least cause to boast.

Ah me!
There is no rest;
Our Time is always fleeing.
What rein can curb our head-strong hours;
They post away: They pass we know not how:
Our *Now* is gone, before we can say *Now*:
Time past and future's none of ours:
That hath as yet no being;
And this hath ceast
To be:
What is, is only ours: How short a Time have we!

And now
Apollos ear.
Expects harmonious strains,
New minted from the *Thracian* Lyre;
For now the virtue of the twi-fork'd *Hill*
Inspires the ravish'd fancy, and doth fill
The veins with *Pegasean* fire:
And now those steril brains
That cannot show,
Nor bear
Some fruits, shall never wear *Apollo's* sacred *Bow.*

Excess
And surfeit uses
To wait upon these days;
Full feed, and flowing cups of wine
Conjure the fancy, forcing up a sp'rit
By the case *Magick* of debauch'd delight;
Ah pitty, twice-born *Baccus Vine*
Should starve *Apollo's Bayes,*
And drown those *Muses*
That bless
And calm the peaceful soul, when storms of cares oppress.

Strong light
Boast not those beams
That can but only rise
And blaze a while, and then away:
There is no *Solstice* in thy day;
Thy midnight glory lies
Betwixt th' extremes
Of night,
A glory foil'd with shame, and fool'd with false delight.

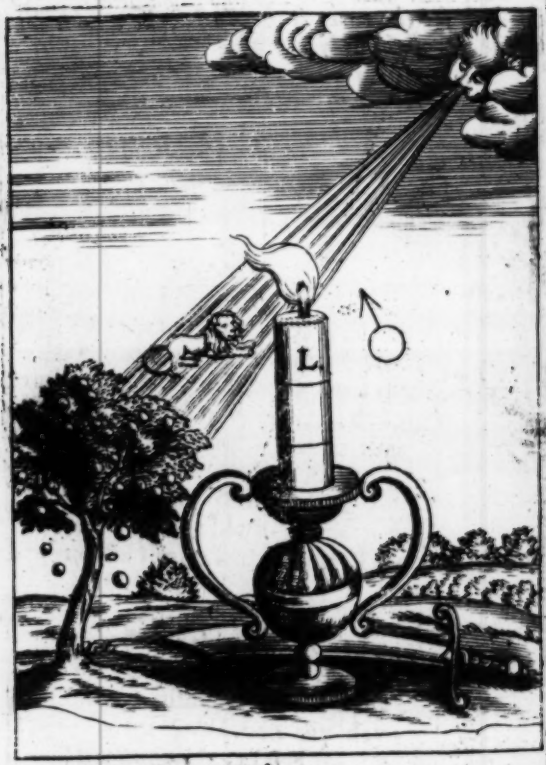
Hast

Haſt thou climbed up to the full age of thy few dayes? Look backwards and thou ſhalt ſee the frailty of thy youth; the folly of thy childhood, and the waſte of thy Infancy: Look forwards, thou ſhalt ſee the cares of the World, the troubles of thy mind, the diſeaſes of thy body.

EPIG. 12.

To the middle-aged.

Thou that art prancing on the luſty *Noon*
Of thy full age, boaſt not thy ſelf too ſoon:
Convert that breath to wail thy fickle ſtate;
Take heed; thou'lt bragtoo ſoon, or boaſt too late.



Et Martem spirat et arma

JOHN 3. 30.

He muſt encreaſe, but I muſt decreaſe.

TIme voids the table, dinner's done;
And now our daies declining Sun
Hath hurried his diurnal load
To th' borders of the Weſtern road;
Fierce *Phlegon*, with his fellow ſteeds,
Now puffs and pants, and blows and bleeds,
And froths and fumes, remembring ſtill
Their laſhes up th' Olympick hill,
Which having conquer'd, now diſdain
The whip, and champ the frothy rein,
And with a full carier they bend
Their paces to their journeys end:
Our blazing Tapor now hath loſt
Her better half, Nature hath croſt
Her forenoon book, and clear'd that ſcore,
But ſcarce gives truſt for ſo much more:
And now the generous ſap forſakes
Her ſeir-grown twig: a breath ev'n ſhakes
The down-ripe fruit; fruit ſoon divorc'd
From her dear branch, untoucht, unforc'd.
Now Sanguin *Venus* doth begin
To draw her wanton colours in,
And flees neglected in diſgrace,
Whil'ſt *Mars* ſupplies her luke warm place:
Blood turn to choler: what this age
Loſes in ſtrength it findes in rage:
That rich ennamel, which of old,
Damask'd the downy cheek, and told,

A harmleſs guilt, unask'd, is new
Worn off from the audacious brow;
Luxurious dalliance, midnight revels,
Looſe riot, and thoſe venial evils
Which inconſiderate youth of late
Could plead, now want an *Advocate*:
And what appear'd in former times
Whiſp'ring as *faults*, now roar as *crimes*;
And now all ye whoſe lips were wont
To drench their Coral in the font
Of fork'd *Parnaſſus*; you that be
The ſons of *Phœbus*, and can flee
On wings of fancy to diſplay
The Flagg of high invention, ſtay,
Repoſe your quills; your veins grow ſower,
Tempt not your *Salt* beyond her power:
If your pall'd fancies but decline,
Cenſure will ſtrike at every line
And wound your names, the popular ear
Weighs what you are not what you were.
Thus hackney-like, we tire our age,
Spur-gall'd with change from ſtage to ſtage.

Seeſt thou the daily light of the greater World? when attained to the higheſt pitch of Meridian glory, it ſtayeth not, but by the ſame degrees, it aſcended, it deſcendeth. And is the light of the leſſer World more permanent? Continuance is the childe of Eternity, not of Time.

EPIG. 13.

To the young man.

Young man, rejoyce; and let thy riſing days
Cheer thy glad heart: think'ſt thou theſe uphil ways
Lead to deaths dungeon? no; but know withal,
Ariſing is but Prologue to a fall,

Invidiosa Senectus.

JOHN. 12. 35.

Yet a little while is the light with you.

1

THe day grows old, the low-pitcht lamp hath made
No leſs then treble ſhade,
And the deſcending damp doth now prepare
T' uncurl bright *Titans* hair;
Whoſe Weſtern wardrobe now begins t' unfold
Her purples, fring'd with gold,
To cloath his evening glory, when th' alarms
Of reſt ſhall call to reſt in reſtles *Thetis* arms.

2

Nature now calls to ſupper, to refreſh
The ſpirits of all fleſh;
The toyling plowman drives his thirſty teams,
To taſte the ſlipp'ry ſtreams:
The droyling ſwine-herd knocks away, and feaſts
His hungrie whining gueſts:
The boxbil Ouzle, and the dapled Thruſh
Like hungry rivals meet at their beloved buſh.

3

And now the cold Autumnal dews are ſeen
To copweb every green;
And by the low-ſhorn Rowins doth appear
The faſt-declining year:
The ſapleſs branches doff their ſummer ſuits
And wain their winter fruits;
And ſtormy blaſts have forc'd the quaking trees
To wrap their trembling limbs in ſuites of moſſy freez.

Our

4.

Our waſted Taper now hath brought her light
To the next door to night ;
Her ſprightleſs flame grown great with ſnuff, doth turn
Sad as her neighb'ring Urn :
Her ſlender inch, that yet unſpent remains,
Lights but to further pains,
And in a ſilent language bids her gueſt
Prepare his weary limbs to take Eternal reſt.

5

Now carkful age hath pitch'd her painful plough
Upon the furrow'd brow ;
And nowy blaſts of diſcontented care
Have blanc'hd the falling hair :
Suſpicious envy mixt with jealous ſpight
Diſturb's his weary night :
He threatens youth with age ; and now alas,
He owns not what he is , but vaunts the man he was.

6

Gray-haires, peruſe thy dayes, and let thy paſt
Read Lectures to thy laſt :
Thoſe haſty wings that hurri'd them away
Will give theſe days no day :
The conſtant wheels of Nature ſcorn to trie
Until her works expire :
That blaſt that nipt thy youth, will ruin thee ;
That hand that ſhook the branch will quickly ſtrik the tree

S. CHRY

S. CHRYS.

Gray haires are honourable, when the behaviour ſuits with ey hairs: But when an ancient man hath childiſh manners, becommeth more ridiculous then a childe.

SEN.

Thou art in vain attained to old years, that repeateſt thy uthfulneſs.

EPIG. 14.

To the Youth.

eeſt thou this good old man? he repreſents
hy *Future*, thou his *Preterperfect* tenſe:
hou goeſt to labour, he prepares to reſt:
hou break'ſt thy faſt, he ſups: now which is beſt?

SAL 90. 10.

The dayes of our years are threescore yeares and ten.

1

So have I seen th' illustrious *Prince* of Light
Rising in glory from his *Crocean* bed,
And trampling down the horrid shades of night,
Advancing more and more his conqu'ring head,
Pause first, decline, at length begin to shroud
His fainting brows within a cole-black cloud.

2

So have I seen a well-built *Castle* stand
Upon the tip-toes of a lofty hill,
Whose active pow'r commands both sea and land,
And curbs the pride of the beleag'rers will:
At length her ag'd foundation fails her trust,
And layes her tott'ring ruins in the dust.

3

So have I seen the blazing *Vapour* shoot
Her golden head into the feeble air,
Whose shadow-gilding ray spread round about,
Makes the foul face of black-brow'd darkness fair;
Till at the length her wasting glory fades,
And leaves the night to her invet'rate shades.

4

Ev'n so this little world of living *Clay*,
The pride of *Nature*, glorified by *Art*,
Whom earth adores and all hir hostes obey,
Allyd to Heav'n by his Diviner part,
Triumphs a while, then droops, and then decayes
And worn by age, death cancels all his days.

5

That glorious *Sun*, that whilom ſhone ſo bright,
Is now ev'n raviſh'd from our darkned eyes:
That ſturdy *Caſtle*, mann'd with ſo much might,
Lies now a Mon'ment of their own diſguiſe:
That blazing *Tapour*, that diſdain'd the puff
Of troubled Air, ſcarce owns the name of ſnuff

6

Poor bed-rid *Man*! where is that glory now,
Thy Youth ſo vaunted; where that *Majeſty*
Which ſat enthron'd upon thy manly brow?
Where, where that braving arm? that daring eye?
Thoſe buxom tunes? thoſe *Bacchanalian* tones?
Thoſe ſwelling veins? thoſe marrow-flaming bones?

7

Thy drooping *glory*'s blurd, and proſtrate lies
Grov'ling duſt; and frightful horrour, now,
Sharpens the glaunces of thy gaſhful eyes,
Whilſt fear perplexes thy diſtracted brow:
Thy panting breaſt vents all her breath by groans,
And death enerves thy marrow-waſted bones.

8

Thus Man that's born of woman can remain
But a ſhort time: his dayes are full of ſorrow;
His life's a *penance*, and his deaths a *pain*,
Springs like a flow'r to day, and fades to morrow?
His breath's a *bubble*; and his dayes a *ſpan*:
'Tis glorious miſery to be born a *Man*.

CYPR

CYPR.

When eyes are dim, ears deaf, viſage pale, teeth decayed, ſkin withered, breath tainted, pipes furred, knees trembling, hands fumbling, feet failing, the ſudden downfal of thy fleſhly houſe is near at hand.

S. AUGUST.

All vices wax old by age: covetouſneſs alone groweth young.

EPIG. 15.

To the infant.

What he doth ſpend in groans, thou ſpend'ſt in tears;
Judgment and ſtrength's alike in both your years;
He's helples; ſo art thou; what difference then;
He's an old *Infant*; thou, a young *old Man.*

FINIS.